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MISCELLANEOUS POEMS

BY

MRS. J. PILKINGTON.

VOL. I.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS

BY

MRS. J. PILKINGTON,

DEDICATED

BY PERMISSION,

TO HER GRACE

THE DUTCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

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TO HER GRACE

THE DUTCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH.

MADAM,

I Should not venture to uſhér into the world the following ſheets, were they not trifles that will derive value from the protection with which they are honored by your Grace.

I am ambitious of the opportunity afforded me of paying my humble tribute to exemplary

goodneſs, united in one perſon to high rank and great power,—and of the honor of ſubſcribing myſelf

Your Grace's

Moſt reſpectful

And devoted humble ſervant,

M. PILKINGTON.

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MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

AN
ADDRESS
TO THE
GENTLEMEN REVIEWERS.

A Suppliant, the humbleſt that e'er woo'd the Nine,
Submiſſive bows down, at the foot of your ſhrine!
With a hand, that is half paralytic by fear,
And an eye that's ſuffuſed in timidity's tear;
Expecting a cenſure, ſhe feels would be juſt,
Yet placing ſome little reliance and truſt

On thoſe, who refine both their judgment and hearts,
By perfect acquaintance with all lib'ral arts!
Thus fearful, thus trembling, and fainting with fright,
I ſcarce know what ſtile would be beſt to indite;
But, Sirs, with permiſſion, I'll try if I'm able,
Your wrath to avert by a tale, or a fable.——

" Time was, when the tribe of the quadrupede kind,
" Devoted their hours to improving their mind;
" And thoſe who were deſtin'd by nature to ſhine
" Above mediocrity's ſtrait forward line;
" Whoſe knowledge or judgment illumin'd their way
" Like rays, which deſcend from the orbit of day,
" In council reſolv'd to determine the fate
" Of all wit and learning that came in their ſtate.
" The beaſts who had long been in habit of writing,
" Whoſe pens had the happieſt knack at inditing,

" As ſoon as the league was in public recorded,
" Proteſted, the meaſure they highly applauded——
" But thoſe, who could boaſt of no brilliance of mind,
" Moſt heartily wiſh'd the ſociety blind;
" For when they preſented their works for inſpection,
" They knew all the faults would ſoon meet with detection.
" A ſpaniel, whom fortune unkindly had ſhorn
" Of comforts, to which the poor thing had been born;
" Not knowing what other employment to follow,
" Attempted to tread in the path of Apollo;
" But when ſhe was told that her work muſt be ſeen,
" By eyes, which were render'd remarkably keen,
" So great was the terror ſhe felt at the news,
" That her fears, it is thought, check'd the flights of her Muſe.—

" The critics appriz'd of the ſtate of her mind,

" Humanely reſolv'd to be tender and kind;

" With partial inſpection, they read o'er her lays,

" And ſent her a leaf, from their garland of bays."

ON THE
MORTIFICATIONS
ARISING FROM
A REVERSE OF FORTUNE.

HAD Fortune on my youthful days,
No ſmiling influence ſhed;
Or had the luſtre of her rays,
Ne'er glitter'd round my head!

Then had I ſcap'd the poignant ſmart,
That agitates this breaſt;
Then had this too proud feeling heart
From poverty been bleſt!

Then had this independent mind,
With ſupple notions fraught,
Been taught to bend to every wind
With pliancy of thought.

But gilded ſkies o'erſpread the ſcene,
And flow'rs beſtrew'd the glade;
And ev'ry path was deck'd with green,
O'er which my footſteps ſtray'd!

Thoſe pleaſures which the heart ne'er knew,
Excite no painful ſigh;
But thoſe we once have *graſp'd*, we view
Still with a longing eye!

The dear ideas which ariſe,
Of pleaſures that are fled;
Make the dark clouds which ſhade the ſkies,
Hang darker o'er the head!

ON THE

BIRTH-DAY

OF

MRS. H——

Dec. 19.

WHEN vernal beauties firſt unite,
And blooming proſpects glad our ſight,
We hail returning May;
Though fableſt of the monthly train,
May vernal ſuns illume the plain
On Charlotte's natal day!

May heart-felt pleaſures round her wait,
And may it be her annual fate
To taſte increaſing joy;
And may no penſive thought moleſt
The guileleſs manſion of her breaſt,
Her pleaſures to deſtroy!

Domeſtic comforts are her own,
Thoſe tender joys to me unknown,
Illuminate her way;
And may ſhe ne'er that light reſign,
May Hymen's torch effulgent ſhine
With an increaſing ray!

ON THE
RECOVERY
OF A
YOUNG LADY,
OF SEVEN YEARS OF AGE,
FROM A
DANGEROUS INDISPOSITION.

WHEN the bloſſoms of ſpring with delight we
firſt trace,
New beauties appear in each flow'r;
And when the ſun's luſtres again ſhew their face,
Diſperſing a vapour or ſhower,

We hail their return, with a pleaſure more ſweet,
Than if we had ne'er known the ſky
O'erſpread by a cloud, that had darken'd our ſeat,
By the deep ſable hue of its die!

Now health is returning to Fanny's lov'd face,
And roſes her cheeks overſpread;
We think its return adds a more lively grace,
Than if they had never once fled!

May the roſeate hue her young cheek long adorn,
May pleaſure a garland now bring,
Of flow'rs that are blooming—unmix'd by the thorn,
To adorn her fair ſunſhine of ſpring!

And when to the ſummer of life ſhe attains,
May the dew then deſcend to their ſtalk;
And cheriſh the flow'rs that bedeck the ſoft plains,
O'er which ſhe is deſtin'd to walk!

MORNING.

A PASTORAL.

BURSTING through its ſable cov'ring,
Morn enlivens all the ſky,
Glowing beauties round it hov'ring,
Prove Aurora's chariot nigh.

Perch'd upon an Attic ſpray,
Chanticleer now ſounds his horn;
Herald of the blaze of day,
Uſher'd by the bluſh of morn.

O'er the heath the ſhepherds ſtray,
Anxious to unpen their fold;
When the eaſtern god of day
Tips the diſtant hills with gold.

View the ploughman, how he meaſures
O'er the glebe an even pace,
Whiſtling, as the ſeed he treaſures,
To ſuſtain the human race:

Brooding o'er the heart-felt pleaſure,
That attends his humble lot;
Feeling that his greateſt treaſure
Centres in his little cot!

O'er the verdant meadow ſkipping,
Cheek all fluſh'd with roſeate glow,
See the joyous milkmaid tripping,
Undiſturb'd by care and woe:

Now the cow all docile ſtands,
Lowing near the beechen rail,
While the milkmaid's ruddy hands
Amply fill the froſted pail.

Now the woodlark ſoaring high
Warbles through the paſſing gale,
Whilſt the ring-dove's plaintive ſigh
Tells its mate a tender tale.

Now the flow'rs freſh ſweets exhaling,
Nurtur'd by the dew of morn,
See the active bee regaling,
Breakfaſts on the bloſſom'd thorn.

View the diſtant proſpect glowing,
With the ſun's tranſcendant ray;
Life and health at once beſtowing,
Every new returning day!

NOON.

A PASTORAL.

STRETCH'D beneath the oaken ſhade,
See the love-ſick ſhepherd lay;
Diſtant from the op'ning glade,
That admits the ſolar ray.

Near yon pure tranſlucent rill,
Hear the ſportive lambkins bleat;
Or reclining on a hill
Panting with the fervid heat.

Now the ſun with radiant pow'r,
Sheds his glowing beams of light;
Whilſt the thirſty languid flow'r
Droops until the dew of night.

Not a zephyr's gentle breeze,
Whiſpers through the ſloping vale;
Not a motion ſhakes the trees,
Wafted from a weſtern gale.

The cattle from the noontide blaze,
In the lake or nat'ral bower
Seek relief, while Sol's bright rays
Dart their fierceſt hotteſt power.

Now the birds to diſtant groves,
Perch'd upon a pendant ſpray,
Warble forth their tender loves,
Shaded from the glare of day.

EVENING.

A PASTORAL.

NOW the plaintive bird of night
Sweetly warbles o'er the glade;
And the ſun's refulgent light
Sinks beneath the evening ſhade.

Still the diſtant ſcene is glowing,
Gilded is the weſtern dale;
Now mild Zephyr gently blowing,
Wafts us a refreſhing gale.

Now the flow'r-enamel'd bed
Bluſhes with enliven'd hue;
And the lily rears its head,
Water'd by the falling dew.

At the foot of yonder hill,
Colin's whited cottage peeps;
And a ſoft pellucid rill
At its margin gently creeps.

O'er the meadow now he's pacing,
Grateful for domeſtic bliſs;
View his ruddy children racing,
Eager for the greeting kiſs.

Seated in the verdant bow'r,
Now the ſhepherd owns his love;
Vows that Cupid's mighty pow'r
Shall ſurpaſs the conſtant dove!

Blithſome is the village maiden,
Dancing on the well-trod lawn;
Whilſt for her the ſwain is laden
With the bloſſom of the thorn.

Breaking over yonder tower,
View the moon's reflected beams;
See its rays illume the bower,
By its trembling ſilvery gleams;

Now the traveller benighted
Hails the luſtre of it's light,
When no longer he's affrighted
By the ſable ſhade of night.

LINES

ADDRESSED TO

MISS T———

WHEN Cynthia's crefted form diſplay'd
Her kind effulgent light,
And ſilver luſtres thro' the glade
Had beam'd upon the night!

When fragrant odours fill'd each breeze
Which Zephyr wafts along,
And when the warblers of the trees
Sang forth their evening ſong!

Then as the beauteous ſcene I view'd,
A gentle calmneſs ſtole,
The rougher paſſions were ſubdu'd
That agitate the ſoul!

Content, the offſpring of the ſky,
Her kindeſt influence ſpread,
And gratitude illum'd my eye,
For bleſſings on my head!

Then as the various boons I traced
Benevolently given,
My grateful heart thy friendſhip placed
One of the firſt from heav'n!

For when affliction's iron pow'r
Aſſails the troubled breaſt,
Friendſhip can gild the ſable hour,
And ſooth the cares to reſt!

And when my bark ſhall roughly ſail
Upon the water's force,
Thy friendſhip, like a gentle gale,
Shall ſweetly ſmooth its courſe.

LINES

WRITTEN

TO A FRIEND,

UPON HER REFUSING TO VISIT THE COUNTRY,

UNTIL SPRING WAS FARTHER ADVANCED.

No more in penſive mood I'll pine,
Tho' Charlotte has refus'd to dine,
And grace her vacant ſeat;
Can ſhe prefer the buſy throng,
The feſtive dance, the jocund ſong,
To friendſhip's calm retreat?

When genial ſuns ſhall gild the ſcene,
And vernal beauties deck the green,
She tells me ſhe'll retire;
Tho' winter's traces ſtill appear,
I'd make it ſummer all the year,
Around a cheerful fire.

To me all ſeaſons bring delight;
If Charlotte's preſence glads my ſight,
I feel myſelf moſt bleſt;
Not Afric's ſun, or Alpine ſnow,
Could leſſen or increaſe the glow
Of friendſhip in my breaſt.

THE
WINTER's WALK.

By Dr. JOHNSON.

BEHOLD, my fair, where'er we rove,
What dreary proſpects round us riſe;
The naked hill, the leafleſs grove,
The hoary ground, the frowning ſkies!

Not only through the waſted plain
Stern Winter is thy force confeſt,
Still wider ſpreads thy horrid reign,
I feel thy pow'r uſurp my breaſt!

Enliv'ning hope and fond deſire
Reſign the heart to ſpleen and care;
Scarce frighted love maintains his fire,
And rapture ſaddens to deſpair!

In groundleſs hope and cauſeleſs fear,
Unhappy man behold thy doom,
Still changing with the changing year,
The ſlave of ſunſhine and of gloom!

Tir'd with vain joys and falſe alarms,
With mental and corporeal ſtrife,
Snatch me, my Stella, to thy arms,
And ſcreen me from the ills of life!

THE

SPRING WALK.

IN IMITATION OF DR. JOHNSON,

SUPPOSED TO BE WRITTEN BY S—— D—— ESQ.

AND ADDRESSED TO MISS SELINA T——

BEHOLD, Selina, as we ſtray,
Enliv'ning proſpects glad our eyes;
The verdant lawn, the blooming May,
The genial ſun, the azure ſkies!

And as the vernal ſcene I trace,
A ſemblance to thy form I find,
The blooming beauties of thy face,
Illumin'd by thy cultur'd mind!

Let ſmiling hope poſſeſs thy breaſt,
And love ſhall deck thy path with flow'rs,
And ſable ſpleen ſhall ne'er moleſt,
Nor care corrode thy peaceful hours!

And as I view the changing year,
Its revolution aptly proves,
That blooming hope and blaſted fear
By turns impreſs the heart that loves!

Now nature's deck'd in all her charms,
And vernal pleaſures fill my breaſt,
Say, will Selina bleſs theſe arms,
And on this faithful boſom reſt?

A POETIC EPISTLE

TO

H—— E—— Esq.

IN REPLY TO ONE, WHEREIN HE STATED THE LITTLE PROBABILITY THERE WAS OF HIS FORMING A MATRIMONIAL ENGAGEMENT, AS HE SCREWED UP THE LADIES, WITH WHOM HE THEN ASSOCIATED, TO TWO OF THE AUTHORESS'S FRIENDS, WHOM HE THOUGHT MODELS OF PERFECTION.

A Wife, dear Sir, ſhould never be
From every imperfection free;
So try and grow a little wiſer,
There never was but *one* Eliza.
Nor e'er expect at P—— to find,
Selina's form, and poliſh'd mind;

As well might you expect a rill,
Should nimbly mount a neighb'ring hill;
And when the rill had gain'd the mount,
Become at once a playful fount.
Therefore, my friend, diſcard the *ſcrew*,
And take a wife of motley hue.
Beſides if you ſhould *wed perfection*,
Your faults could ne'er eſcape detection;
Yet Howard, I muſt now ſpeak true,
And ſay I think them very *few*.
But was I once to name the *clan*
Of that ſame creature, call'd a man;
Why then I might be led to *daſh*,
And give the tribe a *little laſh*;
For they, in truth, delight to *vex*
Our *unprovoking*, *gentle ſex*;

But moſt, when they've *ſecured* a wife,
They then become the *plague* of *life*;
And ſhould the lady not inherit
Some portion of *true female ſpirit*,
Alas! ſhe'll then be kept ſo humble,
She'll never dare at ſpouſe to grumble.
The ſubject which is on the table,
Reminds me of a canine fable;
And as I have not now a better,
I'll give it room within my letter.

" A ſnarling cur, whoſe name was Mizzle,
" Was wedded to a patient Grizzle;
" In conſtant pleaſure he would roam,
" Whilſt his poor wife was left at home.
" With marrow bones ſhe'd deck the board,
" In hopes to pleaſe her ſurly lord;

" But when he came, with ſavage air
" He'd treat his ever gentle fair;
" And never did poor Placid ſee
" The wagging tail expreſs his glee,
" As he *approach'd*—but always growling,
" Or making ſuch a diſmal howling,
" As fill'd her with a thouſand fears,
" And made her drop her tail and ears.
" A friend whom Placid had not ſeen,
" Since ſhe a *wedded dame* had been;
" Reſolv'd to tramp it o'er the plain,
" And ſee her once lov'd friend again.
" This friend, if fame's report is true,
" Was what the world would call a *ſhrew*;
" And who ſhall paint her great ſurprize,
" When Placid's figure met her eyes!

" My dear! ſaid ſhe, you're grown ſo thin,
" Your perſon's merely bone and ſkin!
" Your eyes which formerly were bright,
" No longer ſhed a radiant light!
" Why droops my lovely Placid's head?
" What! are your ſpirits alſo fled?
" The cauſe of what I view confeſs?
" And let me ſhare my friend's diſtreſs!
" Poor Placid heav'd a mournful ſigh,
" And lifted up her languid eye;
" Then told the ſorrows of her life,
" From the firſt day ſhe was a wife.
" The tale had ſcarcely gain'd its end,
" When thus replied the angry friend;
" Oh! had I but the monſter here,
" I vow I'd lay his cranium bare!

" Oh! that you never had been married,

" But in a maiden ſtate had tarried!

" Yet, if to council you'll attend,

" Your troubles, Placid, all will end.

" Next time that Mizzle makes a growling,

" Do *you* ſet up a *louder howling:*

" And ſhould he dare to deal out blows,

" Return the cuffs upon his noſe;

" And I'll be bound your future life

" Will be devoid of rage and ſtrife.

" Placid approv'd the new expedient,

" And promis'd to be quite obedient;

" But Juno ſcarcely was departed,

" E'er Placid was again faint-hearted;

" Her courage by exertion rallied,

" When home the grumbling hero ſallied;

" Found fault with *all* his *mate* had *done*,

" And at her head diſcharg'd a bone,

" Then gave her an enormous *gripe*,

" Which *ſhe return'd* upon his *pipe*.

" The gripe he fancied big with death,

" And gaſping to regain his breath,

" Tried to diſguiſe his great ſurprize,

" And check the tears which fill'd his eyes;

" Then turning to his angry queen,

" *Apologized* for all his *ſpleen*.

" Vow'd he would never more be ſnarling,

" And henceforth ſhe ſhould be his darling!—

" His promiſe Mizzle firmly kept,

" And Placid neither ſigh'd or wept."

But now, my friend, pray don't ſuppoſe,

I think you'll act like ſnarling beaus;

Nor yet believe my fable teaches,

That ladies can become the breeches:

Yet ſhould the men prove very acid,

I'd have the women copy Placid.

THE

WREATH OF FRIENDSHIP,

ADDRESSED

TO MISS T——

WITH SOME ARTIFICIAL FLOWERS.

THO' ebon winter's frigid pow'r
Has chang'd the verdant green ;
Tho' lifeleſs is the bluſhing flow'r
That late bedeck'd the green !

Yet theſe, Eliza, long ſhall bloom,
And brave the pow'r of time,
Like friendſhip that outlives the tomb,
And thrives in ev'ry clime !

And may this wreath poſſeſs the art,
Our friendſhip to entwine;
And bloſſom in Eliza's heart,
As it hath flower'd in mine!

LINES

ADDRESSED

TO A FRIEND,

WHO HAD LATELY RECEIVED AN ADDITION TO HER FORTUNE, FROM HER HUSBAND HAVING TAKEN A FRENCH EAST-INDIAMAN.

AGAIN, dear Charlotte, now I find
That vacuum you ſtill leave behind,
Once more poſſeſs my breaſt;
Yet would you but return again,
Soft pleaſure ſhould ſucceed the pain,
And I feel truly bleſt!

But to employ the vacant time,
I'll offer you in undreſt rhyme,
My warm congratulations;
Tho' tedious is a tale told o'er,
May you derive from India's ſtore,
A thouſand ſweet ſenſations!

The pomp, and pageantry, and ſtate,
That occupy the little great,
Thy mind will ne'er purſue;
'Tis not the glare of outward art,
Can gratify thy gen'rous heart,
Or give delight to you!

Whatever pleaſures thine may be,
Mayſt thou enjoy them with a glee,
Of pure unmix'd delight;
And when at ſome far diſtant day,
E'en life itſelf muſt fade away,
Still be the proſpect bright!

LINES

ADDRESSED

TO G—— R—— ESQ.

UPON HIS ENQUIRING WHY THE LADIES WERE NEVER ADORNED WITH A WREATH OF LAUREL.

YOU aſk me the reaſon, why ladies ne'er wear,
The famed wreath of laurel entwined round their hair?
To make this odd circumſtance perfectly plain,
The ſtory of Daphne I beg to explain.
" Apollo one day was moſt ſtrongly inclined,
" Fair Daphne in wedlock's ſoft fetters to bind;
" And pleaded his paſſion in lover-like ſtrain,
" But Daphne was cruel, and fled o'er the plain!

" Yet, grievous to tell, his legs were the longer,
" And the weakeſt you know, muſt give way to the ſtronger;
" Poor Daphne beheld him quite cloſe to her heels,
" And a ſad palpitation ſhe inſtantly feels;
" So great her diſlike to becoming his wife,
" That ſhe pray'd to the Gods for an end to her life!
" The Gods, you muſt know, make all ladies their care,
" And ſo they attended to poor Daphne's pray'r,
" But thought it was pity to cut off her days,
" And ſo they converted the nymph into bays,
" And Apollo was ſtruck with the greateſt amaze!
" In ſhort had his temper been tinctur'd with ſorrel,
" He'd have been in a rage when he look'd at the laurel,
" But no ſuch a churl, I aſſure you, was he,
" For he ſhew'd a moſt tender regard for the tree:

" Yet when he reflected, he could not but vex,

" At being *outwitted* by one of our ſex,

" And determin'd to puniſh the reſt of the fair,

" By decreeing that ladies *no* laurel ſhould wear.

LINES

WRITTEN UPON PERUSING

A FABLE BY Mr. LOYD.

LOYD likens poets to puff,
And critics to a candle-ſnuff—
Hold! ſaid a critic paſſing by,
With ſcrutiny in either eye!
Not to a *ſnuff* were we e'er liken'd,
But to the ſnuffers newly brighten'd.—
To make the ſimile appear
To ev'ry comprehenſion clear;

Should candles into poets turn,

Their rays would ne'er effulgent burn,

Unleſs the ſnuffers lent their art,

To amputate the uſeleſs part:

For poets are ſo fond of writing,

They never think that whilſt inditing,

Alas! they often ſtand in need

Of being told they ought to read.

ADDRESSED TO

MISS T——

UPON HER HAVING OBSERVED THAT THE EVENTS OF LIFE WERE GOVERNED BY FATE.

ELIZA, ſince you make it clear,
That *Fate* directs our actions here;
The critic's arrow now may dart,
Without the pow'r to wound my heart.
As *Fate* ordains that *I indite*,
It matters not the *ſenſe* I write;
And if at each concluding line,
No one correct idea ſhine,

Why then the world may haply ſay,
How came the blockhead e'er to ſtray
So much beyond the beaten way?
But ſhould you ſuch a queſtion hear,
At once repel the critic's ſpear,
And from my ſhoulders take a weight,
By laying all the fault *on Fate.*

A POETIC EPISTLE,

SUPPOSED TO BE WRITTEN BY

MISS E——

TO

CAPTAIN B——

UPON AN ADDITION TO HER SISTER'S FORTUNE.

STRANGE things, my dear captain, have I to relate,
We all of us now are become folks of ſtate!
No more ſhall we deign to make uſe of our pattens,
But ride in our coach! all deck'd out in ſattins!
You'd ſcarcely believe, could I poſſibly tell,
All the raps at the door, and the rings at the bell!
And what all the people expected to ſee,
Has often aſtoniſh'd Maria and me!

At length I found out, that they came to behold
A novel effect from the touch of pure gold;
And I firmly believe was this ſiſter of mine
As rich as a *nabob*, ſhe'd never *play fine!*
I vow and proteſt, it quite calls forth my ſpleen,
To ſee her put on juſt as humble a mien,
As if on a plain far remote ſhe'd been bred,
And never been tutor'd to hold up her head.
My friend Lady G——— to my ſiſter declares,
That *riches* ſhould always be follow'd by *airs;*
But Madam's as firm in her old faſhion'd notion,
As a rock which is fix'd in the midſt of the ocean.
But as I've been told you are grown a *fine* man,
And have liv'd with a lord in his family clan;
Would you come to town, and aſſiſt me in preaching,
I think we might then gain ſome credit by teaching;

For when preaching and practice together combine,
Our pupil might surely be taught to *play fine.*
And Maria desires in her name I will say
She wishes you'd come, and partake a soupé,
On the sixth of next month, when we mean to be gay.
Poor * Cymon, I fear, would be sadly offended,
If he was left out, as his manners are mended;
The polish of camps has, I hope, and I trust,
Intirely rub'd off all his clerical rust.
But tell him, no more must he practise his jokes,
On people who vie with the *best* of *fine folks.*
My Lady Pentweezle, our circle now graces,
Bedeck'd out in fashion exported from braces;
The Duchess of Dash, and the Countess of Crambo,
With peers of the realm, and my Lady Fandango.

* A jocose name for the captain's brother, who was a chaplain in the army.

But as I now feel quite a wonderful paſſion,
To bring all my friends in the circle of faſhion,
Tell Cymon, if he has a wiſh for the town,
I think I can manage to make him go down;
And as parſons you know are an emblem of ſtate,
To ſit at the table of thoſe who are great,
If once he can put on a ſanctified face,
We'll make him our chaplain, and let him ſay grace;
In ſhort, my dear captain, I'd much more to tell,
But the poſtman is rattling that ſummons, his bell.

TO

MRS. H——

UPON DISCOVERING THAT SHE WAS FIVE YEARS YOUNGER THAN SHE HAD FANCIED HERSELF.

TIME, deareſt mother, many ſay,
With fleeteſt ſteps purſues his way,
O'er meadow, vale, and hill;
But you declare 'tis not the caſe,
For time no more can run a race,
But, like the ſun, ſtands ſtill!

Long, my dear mother, may you feel,
That time has got a leaden heel,
Which keeps him in a pound;
And five years hence, ſtill may you find,
That time and age both lag behind,
And neither have gain'd ground.

TO

A YOUNG LADY,

WHO PAINTED BEAUTIFULLY,

BUT APPEARED RATHER VAIN OF THE ART.

THE flow'rs, Lucinda, which I trace,
Will bear a cloſe inſpection,
For art to nature gives a grace,
And calls the work Perfection!

Tho' much as I admire thy art,
I'm rather vex'd to ſpy,
A *ſelf-applauſe* expand thy heart,
And animate thy eye!

Remember, Ovid tells of old,
A lady * was ſo callous,
As by perfection to grow *bold*,
And think ſhe outdid Pallas.

In ſhort the goddeſs ſhe defied,
To weave a web beſide her;
Minerva, in a rage replied,
Henceforth, become a ſpider.

You oft declare, I love to preach,
And at my preaching grumble;
And now I mean my tale ſhould teach
Lucinda to be humble.

* Arachne.

LINES

WRITTEN UPON CONTEMPLATING

THE PICTURE OF A FRIEND.

THOU dear reſemblance of the face I love,
I'll view thee often in the penſive hour;
For peace is emblem'd by the laurel'd dove,
And thou remind'ſt me of that gentle pow'r!

Well may I trace her in that placid ſmile,
That kindly beams affection's ſofteſt art;
Well may ſhe ſeek a breaſt untinged by guile,
And chuſe her manſion in that gen'rous heart!

Did I poſſeſs Lavater's matchleſs ſkill,
My pen with glowing energy would write;
This feature ſhould expreſs diſguſt at ill,
And truth and honor ſhould in that unite!

Then ſhould I ſee pure Friendſhip's gentle pow'r
Extract the arrow from the barbed part;
There ſhould it gild affliction's ſable hour,
And ſooth the ſorrows of a wounded heart!

There ſhould I ſee ſoft Charity's bleſt mien,
With dew-drop falling from her azure eye;
There ſhould I view her with a form ſerene,
As the mild colours of an evening ſky!

A POETIC LETTER

TO

MISS T——

ON HER BIRTH-DAY.

ELIZA, I hear in theſe high-poliſh'd times,
The people all ſcribble their wiſhes in rhymes;
And though I've but little pretence to the art,
I'll endeavour to offer this wiſh of my heart;
Yet alas! my dear friend, no one elegant ſtrain
Was ever the produce of this hum-drum brain;
And the ſtronger the wiſh on a ſubject to ſhine,
The greater the chance that there's not a good line:

And I'm ſadly afraid I ſhall feel like the Man *,
Who was aſk'd by his friend to enliven a clan,
By a ſally of wit—or an elegant joke—
Yet when the wit came, alas! he ne'er ſpoke.
Tho' language, Eliza, but faintly can ſay,
The tender ſenſation I feel on this day;
Yet ſtill would I wiſh on this morning to ſend
Some proof of affection to greet my lov'd friend.
May the ſunſhine of joy, long illumine thy breaſt,
And the faireſt of viſions attend on thy reſt;
May the daughter of Pæon †, with veſt of light blue,
Long mantle thy cheek with a roſeate hue;

* Alluding to a paper in the Rambler, deſcribing the embarraſſment of a man of abilities, who knowing himſelf invited to be of a party for the purpoſe of enlivening them by his flaſhes of wit, felt ſo fearful of making one dull obſervation, that he was unable to entertain them with one that was bright.

† Hygeia, the goddeſs of health.

May the Goddeſs of Friendſhip for ever impart
A tender ſenſation of bliſs to thy heart;
And her altar freſh blooming, unfading diſcloſe
A fragrance more ſweet than the breath of the roſe.
May the wheel of Dame Fortune effulgent long ſhine,
And the brighteſt of proſpects, Eliza, be thine!
May Hope chuſe her manſion within thy lov'd breaſt,
And fixing her anchor, ſink ſweetly to reſt.

LINES

SUPPOSED TO BE WRITTEN BY

MRS. H——S,

ON THE BACK OF A CASE WHICH CONTAINED HER FAVORITE PARROT.

AH! cruel tyrant! has thy art
For ever cloſed thoſe eyes in death;
And has thy pond'rous iron dart
Deprived my lovely Poll of breath!

If beauty had the pow'r to ſave
A victim from thy cruel rage;
My Poll had now eſcap'd the grave,
And ſtill had chatter'd in her cage!

And when I view the feather'd throng,
To thy lov'd mem'ry I'll be true;
The gayeſt plume, the ſofteſt ſong,
Shall ever yield the palm to you!

No other fav'rite ſhall ſupply
The vacant corner of my breaſt;
Still thy dear form ſhall meet my eye,
And in a caſe thy bones ſhall reſt!

TO

MISS C——

UPON HER REQUESTING

A PROMISE OF UNCEASING REGARD.

YOU aſk me, Louiſa, a promiſe to give,
To love you with fondneſs, as long as I live;
You draw my affection with magnetic art,
And ſo you may feel quite *ſecure* of my *heart*.
I love you, Louiſa, becauſe I can find
That Nature has laviſh'd her charms on your mind;
I love you, becauſe I'm convinc'd that your breaſt
Partakes in the pangs of all creatures diſtreſt;

That Charity there has long taken its ſeat,

And Pity's ſoft image has found a retreat;

That Truth and Good Humour within it reſide,

And all its ſenſations have ſome noble guide.

TO

W—— P——, Esq.

UPON HIS DECLARING HE SHOULD BE FEARFUL OF CONTINUING A CORRESPONDENCE WITH A LADY WHO HAD MOUNTED PEGASUS.

IF you, my dear brother, ſhould writing refuſe,
No longer I'd pay humble court to the Muſe;
No more would I ſigh for a garland of bays,
To bind round the ſubjects I form into lays.
I've read, that this poor barren climate ne'er bears,
But two ſprigs of laurel in twice fifty years;
And alas! I've no hope that Apollo's famed tree
Will adorn ſuch a *bit* of a *poet* as me;

Beſides, tho' I ſometimes on Pegaſus rode,
I never yet reach'd the Nine Muſes abode;
For when I arrived at the foot of the hill,
My horſe at that inſtant ſtood perfectly ſtill.
But as I had heard that the famed Grecian ſpring,
Which teaches a poet in numbers to ſing,
Firſt roſe from a ſtroke of Old Peg on the mountain,
Which open'd a paſſage, and out ſprang the fountain,
I tried to provoke him to kick on the ground,
But alas! my dear brother, no fountain I found!
You doubtleſs will aſk then, why I ſhould expoſe
My Muſe to the critical eye of my foes?
But Wiſdom itſelf no cauſe has aſſign'd
For the blindneſs of man to the pow'rs of his mind.
Swift tells us that beaſts have a greater pretence
To judgment than man, and give more proofs of ſenſe;

And illuſtrates the fact, by obſerving the bear
Ne'er attempted a flight through the regions of air.
But I need not obſerve, that the famed Iriſh Dean
Evinced in his Poems, a ſpice of the ſpleen;
He declares that no poet muſt e'er hope to find
A brother in rhyme, with an eye that is blind.
To prove that his Deanſhip is ſubject to railing,
I've juſt read a poet devoid of this failing;
For Cooper, when ſtriking Apollo's ſoft lyre,
Combines human kindneſs with poetic fire;
He declares that the man, who makes ſatire his aim,
Should feel its effect, by receiving its blame.
But at once to deſcend from the ſubject of rhyme,
And with poets to take up no more of your time;
I'll turn to the ſubject contain'd in your letter,
I mean where you tell me you broke through a * fetter:

* Mrs. P. being from home when a letter arrived, Mr. P. opened, and replied to it.

A fetter! I think I now hear you exclaim!
For once I'll not quibble with you for a name;
Yet fetters I'm apt to ſuppoſe might be ſafer,
As I find there's but little dependance on wafer.
The men I now find have a talent at prying,
Tho' ladies have only the credit of ſpying:
But pray, my dear brother, did you ever hear
Of a woman, whoſe malice invented an * ear,
The knowledge of ſecrets, by that to obtain,
And to have a pretence for inflicting of pain?
Had a lady committed ſo ſhocking an act,
The *whole* of the *ſex* had been *blam'd* for the *fact*;
For ſtill the poor women are treated with ſpleen,
As keen as e'er flow'd from the pen of the Dean!

* Alluding to the tyrant Dionyſius, who had a dungeon built in the form of an Ear, that he might overhear the converſation of thoſe who were confined in it.

I firmly believe 'tis a maxim at ſchools,
To teach all the boys to ſuppoſe women fools;
Or ſurely we ſhould not ſo frequently find,
The men taking pains to depreciate their mind!
Now to prove that Dame Malice has never been able,
To tincture my mind with one drop of her ſable;
I'll own, that I think Madam Nature was kind,
And in forming a Man ſhe expanded his mind;
But yet Education ſo ſtrongly prevails,
That againſt our poor ſex they'll attend to low tales.
If women have ſome little faults in their mind,
'Twould ſurely be *noble* ſometimes to be blind:
And now I muſt hope that *you'll* kindly excuſe,
All the faults which you'll plainly behold in my Muſe!

TO

MRS. E———

WHO, AT THE AGE OF SIXTY-TWO, MARRIED A YOUNG MAN OF TWENTY-FIVE, AND WHO EXPRESSED MANY FEARS FROM THE SABLE APPEARANCE OF THE ATMOSPHERE ON HER WEDDING-DAY.

SUBDUE, my good lady, thoſe fears, and thoſe pains,
Nor make yourſelf wretched, becauſe a cloud rains;
Reflect for a moment, a torrent of tears
Can never add beauty to ſixty-two years;
Beſides, the young ſwain you have choſen to wed,
Would be ſhock'd, to behold thoſe bright orbs edg'd with red!
And do not ſuppoſe, tho' the thunder ſhould roll,
And the lightning ſhould flaſh from the pole to the pole;

That the jar in the elements e'er can portend,
A waging of war between you and your friend!
Nor think, when the moon, that is fam'd for its honey,
Is over—he'll *tell you* he *married* for *money!*
You ſay you have heard, when the ſun ſheds his light,
'Tis a ſign that the torch of young Hymen is bright!
Which brightneſs is meant to expreſs, that the love
Of thoſe who are wedded, is true as the dove!
To prove that ſome maxims are founded on error,
When Eurydice bound herſelf tight by a tether,
The torch of his godſhip emitted no ray,
And a thouſand ill omens were ſeen on that day!
Yet none will be bold enough ſure to maintain,
That Eurydice was not belov'd by her ſwain:
But ſtill ſhould a viper take hold of your toe,
I will not declare that your Orpheus would go
To fetch you again from the regions below!

AN

EXPLANATORY DESCRIPTION

OF THE

WHEEL OF FORTUNE,

ADDRESSED

TO Mrs. H——

WOULD you the reaſon know, good folks,
Why fortune's wheel is full of ſpokes?
'Tis, that as many people ride,
Each with a place may be ſupplied;
That all may keep their juſt gradation,
Nor joſtle in each other's ſtation.
You, Charlotte, mount an Attic perch,
Whilſt I, alas! am left in lurch;

Yet ſtill I feel a ſtrong deſire
To mount the wheel, a little higher;
But yet no wiſh have I to ride
On the ſame perch, cloſe to your ſide;
For as we jog the circling race,
With joy I'll *yield* the *upper place!*
For you have kindly made me feel,
That though you're *mounted* on the wheel,
Still its gradations you'll deſcend,
To bleſs me with the name of friend!

EPIGRAM

ON THE ADDITION TO THE FORTUNE OF A FRIEND.

THO' Fortune has often poor merit neglected,
And ſhower'd down her gifts upon men unreſpected;
Now Fortune no longer true worth will deſpiſe,
For the bandage this day was remov'd from her eyes!

EPIGRAM

WRITTEN ON THE BACK OF A PROFILE,

WHICH WAS SENT TO A FRIEND TO HAVE FRAMED,

WHOSE RESEMBLANCE WAS ALSO MUCH WISHED FOR.

SAID Charlotte, one day, I'll endeavour to trace,
In Eliza's profile, the ſmile of her face;
If ſmiling delights you, the profile replied,
Give Mary your phiz—and we'll ſmile ſide by ſide.

EPIGRAM

UPON NOT RECEIVING A LETTER AT THE EXPECTED TIME.

DEAR Charlotte, I'm turn'd to a bubble at laſt,
That floats in a zephyr, but falls in a blaſt;
Then ſay, will you fan me by friendſhip's ſoft breeze?
And then I ſhall float, for my heart will know eaſe!

EPIGRAM

UPON THE RECEIPT OF THE LETTER.

THE bubble, dear Charlotte, now floats in the air,
And a ſoft gentle zephyr has blown away care;
The ſunbeams of friendſhip now gild it with rays,
And the bubble effulgent appears from the blaze!

EPIGRAM

UPON BEING ADVISED BY A FRIEND TO CONQUER A TOO SUSCEPTIBLE DISPOSITION.

SAID Eliza to Mary, that quick feeling ſpirit,
Which from father or mother I'm ſure you inherit,
Let friendſhip adviſe you to try and ſubdue,
For conquer but it, or 'twill ſoon conquer you!

EPIGRAM.

REPLY.

As oil, dear Eliza, when dropp'd on the ocean,
Will check in an inſtant the waves' rougheſt motion;
So the oil that's extracted from friendſhip's ſoft balm,
The mind of thy friend in a moment can calm!

EPIGRAM

UPON MISS SELINA T—— WEARING A WREATH OF BLUE ROSES.

SAID Art to Nature, I ſuppoſe,
'Tis thought the blooming of the roſe,
Selina's bluſhes might outvie,
And ſo they chang'd the roſes' dye.

ANOTHER ON THE SAME SUBJECT.

THE roſes that adorn'd the fair,
And circled round her flowing hair,
Carnation tints had ne'er ſupply'd,
Nor glowing colours ever dy'd.

'Tis thought the flow'r diſlik'd the teſt
Of vyeing with Selina's breaſt,
But as a colour always true,
Deſired to maſquerade in blue.

EPIGRAM,

ADDRESSED

TO MISS S——— T———

UPON OBSERVING THAT THE AUTHORESS WAS CIVIL TO ONE SISTER AT THE EXPENCE OF THE OTHER.

SELINA, my dear, never more make a pother
About kindneſs to one at expence of another;
Nor ever allow me to fear, or ſuppoſe,
You'll forget the ſoft things that I ſaid of the roſe.

EPIGRAM,

ADDRESSED

TO MISS T——

COULD I, Eliza, copy thee,
From many pangs I ſhould be free,
That now torment and vex;
Then ſay, my friend, the happy art,
Of conquering a wayward heart,
That trifles mayn't perplex?

EPIGRAM.

REPLY.

MARY, Eliza once petition'd,
That ſhe, by her, might be tuition'd
How to ſubdue her heart;
But I would have it known to Mary,
Eliza's never was contrary,
Therefore requir'd no art!

EPIGRAM

UPON RECEIVING THE RESEMBLANCE OF A FRIEND, WHICH WAS NOT THOUGHT A FLATTERING LIKENESS.

NO artiſt, dear Charlotte, could I ever find,
That e'er could depicture the traits of the mind;
And as your's may be view'd in each turn of your face,
No wonder the artiſt has left out ſome grace!

EPIGRAMS

UPON THE PLEASURE OF BEING RELIEVED FROM ACUTE PAIN.

THOUGH Orator Burke in his * Treatiſe agrees,
That ceſſation from pain can only be eaſe;
Yet I who have ſuffer'd ſharp pain without meaſure,
Declare that I feel it *ſuperlative pleaſure!*

OH, Burke! had you e'er but for one day been rack'd
With the pang of a bone that was recently crack'd,
Strong arguments then, I am ſure, you'd maintain,
To prove 'tis a *pleaſure* to get rid of pain.

* Alluding to a paſſage of Mr. Burke on the Sublime and Beautiful.

EPIGRAM

SUPPOSED TO BE WRITTEN BY

MISS T——

UPON THE AUTHORESS'S HAVING VENTURED TO DIFFER IN OPINION FROM A WRITER OF EMINENCE.

LONG have I ſaid you were romantic,
But now I think you're grown quite frantic!
Turn'd Critic too!—Well, I declare,
The next thing I expect to hear
Is, that you think that *head* of *thine*,
Might, as an *artiſt*, chance to ſhine,
And without any more tuition,
Send * paintings to the Exhibition!

* An art which the writer had only received a few leſſons in.

LINES

ADDRESSED

TO MISS T——

UPON HER BROTHER'S RETURN FROM THE WEST INDIES,

IN AN ALARMING STATE OF HEALTH.

No pang, Eliza, e'er can rend
Thy gen'rous feeling heart;
But ſympathy would teach thy friend
To bear an equal part!

In all thy griefs I claim a ſhare,
Can friendſhip's utmoſt pow'r,
Thy mind one ſenſe of ſorrow ſpare,
Or ſooth affliction's hour?

May Hope in radiant ſmiles be dreſt,
And check the riſing fear,
That would corrode thy gentle breaſt,
And tremble in a tear!

The glowing ſun in blaze of day
Oft bends the roſe's head,
When with a vertic ſcorching ray,
It beams upon its bed!

But nurtur'd by the dews of night,
Again its ſweets exhale;
The pendant flow'r then ſtands upright,
And ſcents the paſſing gale!

May love, with ſympathy's bleſt pow'r,
Then act like heav'n's ſoft dew;
And rear again the drooping flow'r
To bloſſom in your view!

Tranſported to a temp'rate ſky,
Where gentle breezes blow,
The ſoft illumine of the eye
Shall beam a brighter glow!

But if that breaſt is doom'd to ſmart;
If thou *muſt* ſuffer care,
May reſignation teach thy heart
To riſe above deſpair!

TO

MRS. H——

WITH A MINCED PIE ON CHRISTMAS-DAY.

DEAR mother, I have heard you ſay,
All ſhould eat pies on Chriſtmas-day,
If they good luck would know;
Then may my pie propitious be,
And baniſh ill luck far from thee,
And ev'ry ſenſe of woe!

From each ingredient may'ſt thou find
Some charm that ſhall inſpire thy mind,
With pleaſing expectation;
The plumbs, I hope, will ſweeten life,
And prove an antidote to ſtrife,
And every vexation!

The ſuet, its component part,
May it prove marrow to thy heart,
And ſoften every care;
And may its acid only ſhew,
That whilſt we're ſtation'd here below,
We all muſt have our ſhare!

But may the ſpirit have the pow'r
To animate the ſocial hour
With briſk and gay ſenſation;
And may the ſpice poſſeſs the art
To add new vigour to thy heart,
And lengthen its pulſation!

LINES

WRITTEN UPON PERUSING

MR. KEATE'S ACCOUNT

OF THE

PELEW ISLANDS.

HUME * ſays, was a man who had circled around
The globe, to declare, that a race he had found
Of mortals, whoſe minds were ſo very refin'd,
That envy herſelf would be forc'd to be blind;
Such wonderful ſtories, he drily relates,
Would never gain credit in Engliſhmen's pates;

* Hume's Eſſays, Vol. iii. page 113.

As well might he hope, was he once to declare,
He had ſeen a centaur flying ſwift through the air,
The fabulous tale would be thought to be juſt,
And that people would take all his ſtories on truſt.
Yet in Willſon's account of Pelew we are told
Of men, who were form'd in ſo perfect a mould,
That their conduct emitted ſo brilliant a light,—
He ſcarcely could credit his orbits of ſight:
Was Hume now alive he might think the tale fiction,
But yet he'd admire Keate's poliſh of diction!

LINES

ADDRESSED

TO A LADY,

WHO WAS EVER PRONE TO PROFESS FRIENDSHIP, BUT UTTERLY INCAPABLE OF FEELING THE SENTIMENT.

OH! Stella, had you ne'er been form'd with a tongue,
Or had it not been quite ſo broad or ſo long,
It ne'er had been able to compaſs its end,
Or make me ſuppoſe you were form'd for a friend!
Lorenzo, who heard me ſo moving complain,
Requeſted my ſorrows I'd try to reſtrain;
Said he, I muſt tell ye that lady's whole race is,
Like Janus, adorn'd with a couple of faces;

With one they expreſs whatſoever is kind,

With t'other diſcover the turn of your mind;

And if o'er your ſecrets they can but prevail,

They tell their next neighbour the whole of the tale!

LINES

ADDRESSED

TO MRS. H——

THE heart that's weigh'd down by oppreſſion and woes,
Its ſorrows can never expreſs;
Yet the ſympathy drop, which in uniſon flows,
Seems to leſſen the pang of diſtreſs!

Though expreſſions of gratitude ne'er can return
The debt which your friendſhip can claim;
Yet ſtill till this heart is inclos'd in an urn,
'Twill expand at the ſound of your name!

By fortune depriv'd of the bleſſing to prove,
All the grateful ſenſations that flow,
From a breaſt that owes more to your friendſhip and love,
Than the mines of Peru could beſtow!

Your kindneſs and friendſhip this heart has reliev'd,
And has check'd the approach of a ſigh,
E'er it ſprang from a breaſt which affliction has griev'd,
And arreſted the tear in the eye!

May your breaſt in return for the joy you beſtow,
With ſorrow's rough gale never heave,
Nor the tear of diſtreſs from your eyelids e'er flow,
Nor your mind have occaſion to grieve!

LINES

ADDRESSED

TO A LADY,

WHO, WITH THE WARMEST PROFESSIONS OF AFFECTION, PRESENTED THE AUTHORESS WITH A LOCK OF HAIR IN A RING, THOUGH SHE WAS AT THE SAME TIME INSIDIOUSLY ENDEAVOURING TO UNDERMINE HER IN THE OPINION OF HER FRIENDS.

OLD Jupiter once was as ſly as a fox,
And ſhut all the evils tight down in a box;
To Madam Pandora this box then was giv'n,
Who poſted to earth from the region of heav'n.—
Another Pandora, I find, has been ſent,
To practiſe her arts with as bad an intent;

But inſtead of a box ſhe chuſes to bring
Her evils, tight-bound with ſome hair in a ring;
The hair, which was nearly allied to the brain,
Receiv'd from the *union* the pow'r to give pain;
And imparted a pang ſo ſevere to my heart,
I was forc'd to apply to that all-healing art
Call'd friendſhip, ſo fam'd for ſubduing of woes,
And huſhing the cares of the breaſt to repoſe;
With ſympathy's balm, the kind gentle maid,
Attended the ſummons, and flew to my aid,
She told me Pandora's malevolent pow'r
Would fade like the bloſſom that blooms in a flow'r:
Said I to the goddeſs, compare not her mind
To a flow'r that perfumes by its ſweetneſs the wind.
There's *one*, ſaid the goddeſs, that blooms in the glade,
Which is known by the name of the *deadly nightſhade*.

LINES

WRITTEN WHILST THE AUTHORESS WAS LABOURING UNDER A VERY PAINFUL ILLNESS, AND A SEVERE MORTIFICATION.

THE humid vapours that now float in air,
The ſable curtains that the ſkies o'erſpread,
Seem to invite that chilling fiend, Deſpair,
And baniſh Hope far from this aching head!

Oh ſmiling Goddeſs of the Anchor, ſay,
Why art thou now an alien to my breaſt?
Why am I now depriv'd that glowing ray,
That oft has made me in idea bleſt?

Though I have bath'd in Mis'ry's ebon ſtream,
Though oft this heart from poignant grief has bled,
Yet has thy genial animating gleam
Shed its refulgent rays around my head!

But now, alas! no future proſpects riſe,
Which flatt'ring fancy decks in gay attire,
My hopes of bliſs are center'd in the ſkies,
When weary nature fainting ſhall expire!

DISAPPOINTMENT.

No more ſhall Hope's deluſive art,
With promis'd bliſs expand my heart,
Or animate my breaſt;
Though deck'd in ſweet perſuaſive ſmiles,
I'll guard againſt her treach'rous wiles,
And only wiſh for reſt!

For Diſappointment's frigid pow'r
Has nipp'd the bud of Hope's ſoft flow'r,
Nor ſuffer'd it to bloom;

From fond expectance henceforth free,
Now Apathy, I cheriſh *thee*,
And Hope's falſe joys entomb!

A ſtranger to this anxious breaſt,
How ſhall I woo thee to inveſt
A ſeat to thee unknown?
Drive from their manſion Hope and Fear,
Diſcard Affection long ſincere,
And make the houſe thy own!

LINES

WRITTEN ON THE APPROACH OF WINTER.

No more is Nature in rich colours dreſt,
But dreary objects now around appear ;
And well the manſion of this troubled breaſt
Accords in feeling with the waning year !

The clouds ſuſpended o'er the azure main,
Are deeply tinctur'd with a ſable hue ;
The dreary aſpect of the leafleſs plain
Conveys a ſombre proſpect to the view !

The echoing ſound which now attends each breeze,
Laments the abſence of ſoft zephyr's breath;
No more its murmurs wave the bending trees,
But hollow blaſts evince its certain death!

Yet ſhall this ſcene ſo dreary and forlorn,
With rip'ning bloſſoms and freſh joy appear;
And Spring return to deck the fragrant thorn,
In all the beauty of the riſing year!

But ſhall a Spring adorn the tranſient ſcene
Of ſable life, with a freſh wreath of flow'rs?
Shall the dark plain be deck'd with vernal green,
And pleaſure ſmile on the ſucceeding hours?

Yes, vernal proſpects ſhall once more ariſe,
And ſportive Fancy then adorn the glade;
Illume with brilliance theſe deep-clouded ſkies,
And throw a luſtre o'er the gloomy ſhade.

TO

EXPECTATION.

WRITTEN UNDER THE PAINFUL IDEA OF A FRIEND IN IRELAND BEING DANGEROUSLY ILL, AND THE CONSTANT EXPECTATION OF RECEIVING LETTERS.

AH! Expectation, child of pain,
Eternal foe to reſt;
Why with dark phantoms fill my brain,
Why agonize my breaſt?

Why thus envelope all my mind,
With a dark ſable cloud;
Why ev'ry ſenſe of pleaſure bind,
In Fear's deſtructive ſhroud?

Oh! Expectation, ſpeed thy flight,
To ſome leſs anxious breaſt;
For each ſucceeding day and night
The manſion's more unbleſt!

Or if thou art reſolv'd to ſtay,
In the forlorn abode;
Bring Hope, with her enliv'ning ray,
To cheer the dreary road!

Oh! bring her, with her ſmiles to cheer
A mind that droops with dread,
And let her check the ſenſe of fear,
With which it's overſpread!

ON THE
BIRTH-DAY
OF
A YOUNG LADY,

WHO ENTERED ON HER SIXTEENTH YEAR ON THE THIRD OF MARCH.

THE herald of the Spring appears,
In Winter's ſable hue;
And ſcarce the timid ſnow-drop rears
Its head to meet the view!

But may thy ſpring of life be crown'd,
With every vernal joy,
And may no chilling blaſt be found,
Thy pleaſures to deſtroy!

And as on life's tempeſtuous ſea,
My dear Louiſa ſails,
May ev'ry Zephyrus breeze agree,
To waft her gentle gales!

May ſoft Content, with placid eye,
And flowing azure veſt;
Leave her lov'd manſion in the ſky,
And dwell within her breaſt!

May Fortune, with a ſtore of wealth,
A tide of joy beſpeak;
And may the roſeate goddeſs Health,
Long mantle on her cheek!

May Friendſhip's animating beams
Long ſhed a genial ray,
And by the radiance of its gleams
Illumine all her way!

May Pleaſure in her airy round,
With flow'rs her path adorn;
And may the roſe for once be found
Without its uſual thorn!

LINES

ADDRESSED

TO FORTUNE.

TOSS'D by the adverſe ſtorms of Fate,
And cruſh'd by Fortune's wheel;
The heart that ſighs not to be *great*,
Has greatly learnt to feel!

And as it feels the chilling wind,
Beneath its rage it bends,
And finds the vigour of the mind
On Fortune's ſmiles depends!

Would ſhe but deign one ſmile to ſhed,
To cheer the dreary way,
And ſpread her luſtres o'er my head,
Or tinge it with her ray;

In Lethe's ſtream my cares ſhould lave,
My little bark ſhould ſail
Upon the dear forgetful wave,
And I would Fortune hail!

I merely aſk a ſpot of ground,
With humble cottage ſeat,
Where Peace and ſoft Content are found
To grace the calm retreat!

If I've ſufficient to ſupply
The daily wants I need,
And power to ſooth Affliction's ſigh,
This will be bliſs indeed!

That bliſs this heart is form'd to feel,
For minds oppreſs'd by care,
If ſorrow is too deep to heal,
By ſympathy they ſhare!

LINES

ADDRESSED

TO CAPTAIN RIOU,

UPON HEARING THE ACCOUNT OF HIS MAGNANIMOUS CONDUCT, WHEN COMMANDER OF THE GUARDIAN.

IF recording of deeds which tranſcendantly glow,
And exceed all the limits of praiſe,
A portion of Fame had the power to beſtow,
I then might aſpire to the bays;

Might expect from the garland thy temple entwines,
To receive a few leaves as a boon;
For the ſun's brilliant ray which effulgently ſhines,
At night may be traced in the moon.

If coolneſs of courage, collection of mind,
Deſerve to be graced with renown,
Thy name in the annals of Fame we ſhall find,
Attended by Honor's bright crown!

In ages to come thy exploits ſhall be told,
And Aſtoniſhment lend them her ear;
For the feats which were practis'd by heroes of old,
When compar'd—will but trifling appear!

They'll be told, when Deſpair had depreſs'd the whole crew,
And Deſtruction had lurk'd in the wave,
When Fear's frighten'd form her loud trumpet firſt blew,
And ſounded a knell to the grave!

That ſound which appall'd other ſpirits with dread,
Thy courage ſeem'd more to inſpire;
And the mountains of ice which the ocean o'erſpread,
Augmented the glow of thy fire!

They'll be told, that the moon in ſucceſſion had wan'd,
And twice had her horn been ſupplied,
Ere the danger decreas'd, or the veſſel had gain'd
An aſcendancy over the tide!

They'll be told, that thy conduct was gilded with praiſe,
That *applauſe* all thy actions has crown'd,
That thy temples are circled by garlands of bays,
And thy name—amidſt heroes is found!

EDWARD AND ELVIRA.

A TALE.

WHERE Avon winds its flowing tide,
Elvira's beauties grew,
And where its waters gently glide,
Her earlieſt breath ſhe drew!

The op'ning beauties of the morn
Could not with her compare;
The lily, or the bloſſom'd thorn,
Were never half ſo fair!

The virtues that in her repos'd,
Were more refulgent bright,
Than when the Cynthian queen diſclos'd
The luſtres of her light.

Near to Elvira's natal ſeat,
A ſtately manſion roſe,
Alcander own'd the grand retreat,
And there would oft repoſe.

And there he ſaw the beauteous roſe
Adorn her father's bower;
He ſaw—and loſt his calm repoſe,
For love uſurp'd a power.

The virtues that improve our race,
Alcander never knew;
But ev'ry vice that could diſgrace,
Within his boſom grew!

Too well he ſaw Alphonſo's heart
By av'rice was confin'd;
And ſo he choſe by ſubtle art,
To win his ſordid mind!

I know, ſaid he, the blooming fair
My offers will decline;
But if her father's praiſe I ſhare,
She muſt, ſhe ſhall be mine!

Now to her father I'll repair,
And feed his well-known pride;
And aſk him to beſtow the fair,
To be my blooming bride.

" Let not (ſaid he) thy lovely maid,
" With charms I think divine,
" Confine thoſe beauties to a ſhade,
" Which ought in courts in ſhine!

" No dow'r I aſk for ſuch a prize,
" But will a fortune give;
" Then let thy daughter bleſs theſe eyes,
" For her alone I live!"

Caught in the gilded treach'rous bait,
The father thus replied,
" To thee I join Elvira's fate,
" And ſhe ſhall be thy bride!"

Yet well he knew the gentle breaſt,
Where purity reſides,
By Edward's image was impreſt,
Where ev'ry thought it guides.

Edward, not born to pomp and ſtate,
Nor deck'd by Fortune's crown,
Poſſeſs'd a heart that would be great
In annals of renown!

Said Edward, " When this humble name,
" My martial deeds ſhall raiſe;
" And when the cheering voice of Fame
" Shall deck theſe brows with bays,

" Then ſhall my lov'd Elvira's praiſe,
" More joy than honor give;
" And then my hopes I'll fondly raiſe,
" That ſhe for me will live."

At length the trumpet's ſounding voice
Call'd Edward to depart;
He ſought the object of his choice,
And claſp'd her to his heart!

The cheerful trumpet's martial ſound
Call'd forth Elvira's fears,
And Edward ſaw the mourner drown'd
In agonizing tears!

Said he, "Elvira, I confeſs,
"The greateſt ills I'd bear,
"To ſpare thy breaſt the leaſt diſtreſs,
"Or ſhield thy mind from care!

"But oh! ſubdue the anxious fear,
"Which Fancy's form ſupplies;
"Nor let the ſoft pellucid tear,
"Bedew thoſe lovely eyes!

" Soon, my Elvira, we ſhall meet,
" Thy Edward crown'd with bays,
" Shall lay the laurels at thy feet,
" And cheer thy future days!"

The ſilver moon's reflected light
Had thrice illum'd the ſkies
Since Edward had engag'd in fight
To gain the glorious prize,

When firſt Alcander's well-judg'd art,
Young Edward's claim outweigh'd;
And when Alphonſo's iron heart
Agreed to ſell the maid!

Alphonſo ſought the verdant bow'rs,
Where Innocence and Truth
Had form'd a wreath of laurel flow'rs
To crown her fav'rite youth!

"Will not (ſaid ſhe) my father ſhare
"The joy that gilds this breaſt?
"The Gods have made True Worth their care,
"And his Elvira's bleſt!

"My abſent Love will ſoon be here,
"And ev'ry care aſſuage,
"My Edward, in his bright career,
"The Hector of this age!"

" Elvira, I much diſapprove
" That wreath," Alphonſo cried ;
" Alcander now muſt be thy love,
" And thou his grateful bride ;

" Tranſported to a diff'rent ſcene,
" My child in courts ſhall ſhine,
" Reſplendent, as Britannia's queen,
" And ev'ry bliſs be thine ;

" But as to Edward, ſhould bright Fame
" With wreaths his temples bind ;
" Yet I declare Elvira's name
" To his ſhall ne'er be join'd !"

But who Elvira's grief ſhall ſpeak,
Deſcribe the riſing ſigh,
Or paint the lily on her cheek,
That chaſed the roſe's dye!

Then lowly bending on her knee,
"If e'er thy child was dear;
"Revoke the fatal dread decree,
"That fills her ſoul with fear!

"The vows which were to Edward giv'n,
"My much-lov'd ſire approv'd;
"Such vows are regiſter'd in Heav'n,
"And cannot be abſolv'd!"

" Now hear the purpoſe of my breaſt,
" And mark thy father's will,
" Before to-morrow's ſun ſhall reſt,
" Beneath the riſing hill,

" The Fates that rule Elvira's life,
" United ſhall conſpire,
" To fix her as Alcander's wife,
" And light the nuptial fire!"

He ſaid, but ah! the ſpeech was vain,
And ſcarce had reach'd her ear;
When madneſs ſtruck her tortur'd brain,
Dreſt in the form of Fear!

Inſtant ſhe roſe, and with a flight,
Swift as a courſer, flew;
And darting from Alphonſo's ſight,
Eſcap'd his wond'ring view!

Alarm and horror fill'd his breaſt,
And piercing through a ſhade,
Elvira's image ſtood confeſt,
Upon an open glade!

Stood and contemplated the tide,
Which at its margin flow'd;
Then to her Edward fondly ſigh'd,
And then purſued the road:

Scarce had ſhe meaſur'd half a mile,
When with a frantic rave!
"I find," ſaid ſhe, "my Edward's iſle
"Lies buried in this wave!

"I come, my love, oh Edward ſave!"
Then with a fatal leap,
Elvira found an early grave,
And everlaſting ſleep!

LINES

ADDRESSED

TO MRS. W———

IN REPLY TO A LETTER WHICH PROFESSED THE INSENSIBILITY OF HER HEART TO ALL EARTHLY HAPPINESS.

COULD the oil that's extracted from ſympathy's balm,
Aſſuage all the pangs of thy breaſt;
Or had it the pow'r all thy ſorrows to calm,
To a gentle ſenſation of reſt;

The *wounds* of thy heart with the *balm* I would cloſe,
And *envelope* thy *griefs* in a ſhroud;
Thy breaſt ſhould become one ſoft ſcene of *repoſe*,
And the ſun ſhould diſperſe ev'ry cloud!

But alas! I much fear that ſoft ſympathy's pow'r,
No *ſuch ſolace* is deſtin'd to bring;
Yet daily remember December's dark hour
Is forgot in the morning of ſpring!

Remember, my friend, that the tempeſt which blows,
And the waves that tremendouſly roar;
In a few fleeting hours all their fury diſcloſe,
And a zephyr then breathes on the ſhore!

The Spring of thy life was one ſoft gentle gale,
Tho' a ſtorm has defac'd the fair ſcene
Of Summer—I truſt that the face of the vale
Will in *Autumn* be *verdantly green!*

And thy breaſt then become the *fix'd manſion* of *joy*,

And *ſorrow* no longer remain,

The tender ſenſation of *bliſs* to *deſtroy*,

That's been render'd *more perfect* by pain.

AN
INVOCATION
TO
SLEEP.

THOU ſweet aſſuager of all pain,
Extend thy ſoft compoſing reign,
And ſooth this weary head;
Shed thy Lethenean vapour round,
And as it riſes from the ground,
Each *troubled thought o'erſpread!*

Compoſe this poignant ſenſe of care,
And let me breathe a drowſy air,
And ſink in eaſe to reſt;
With poppy bands my ſemples bind,
And ſo deſtroy this feeling mind,
And far too anxious breaſt!

The Theban balſam hither bring,
Point out ſome plant or well-known ſpring,
That can all grief deſtroy;
That when the ſable gloom of night
Shall throw a veil—and ſhade the light,
I then may taſte of joy!

Then may *ideal comforts* find,
When faireſt viſions fill my mind,
And Fancy decks each ſcene,
With garlands made of choiceſt flow'rs,
That ſprang from amaranthine bow'rs,
That then adorn each green!

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS

BY

MRS. J. PILKINGTON.

VOL. II.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS

BY

MRS. J. PILKINGTON,

DEDICATED

BY PERMISSION,

TO HER GRACE

THE DUTCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

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MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

ELEGIAC LINES

ON THE

DEATH OF LORD H. SPENCER.

LONG ſhall the annals of applauding Fame
Rehearſe the deeds of Spencer, with a tear;
Adorn with laurels his exalted name,
And ſtrew the cypreſs o'er his early bier!

Britannia mourn'd the much-lov'd noble youth,
And ſilent wander'd tow'rds the new-made grave!—
Is there, ſaid ſhe, no Guardian Power o'er Truth,
The good and valiant from Death's darts to ſave?

Or why did Virtue ſuch rich grace ſupply?
If like the bloſſom of a new-blown flow'r,
It ſcarcely bluſhes, ere it's doom'd to die,
And looſe the exhale of its fragrant pow'r!

In the full vigour of fair manhood's pride,
Adorn'd by virtues that exalt his name;
Spencer effulgent beam'd—then nobly died,
Leaving his *conduct* to record his fame!

When the pale moon illumes the ſhade of night,
The ſoften'd image of the ſun we find;
The conduct beaming with a radiant light,
We trace ariſing from a brilliant mind!—

The gen'rous ſoul—the ſoft attractive grace,
That ev'ry action of his life expreſt,
Not Lethe's ſtream can from my ſoul efface!
Or ſooth the throbbing of this troubled breaſt.

The Muſe, with temples by the cypreſs bound,
Who, penſive wandering, oft delights to tread,
Where murmuring waters with a hollow ſound
Ruſh through the cavern's rugged flinty bed,

With me ſhall journey to ſome diſtant cell,
Where yew-trees caſt a ſad funereal ſhade;
In Blenheim's wood, we'll ſeek the gloomy dell,
Far from a viſta, or an opening glade!

And as our tears in uniſon ſhall flow,
If near the place a ſtream ſhould chance to glide;
The drops that fall as emblems of our woe,
Shall daily add to the pellucid tide!

And on the ſpot undeck'd by ſculptur'd pride,
To my lov'd ſon a monument I'll raiſe,
And ſay, that Virtue droop'd when Spencer died,
And that his deeds ſurpaſs'd the power of Praiſe!

THE

EPITAPH.

HERE lies interr'd beneath this marble ſtone,
A form—replete with every manly grace;
A mind—where Virtue in its radiance ſhone,
And gave a ſoft expreſſion to the face!

Here reſts a heart, which Honor once inſpir'd,
To deeds of Glory, and immortal Fame;
Here ſleep thoſe talents—which the world admir'd,
Here lies a glory—to the Spencer name!

ELEGIAC LINES

UPON THE

MUCH LAMENTED DEATH

OF

MISS ELIZA WHITEHEAD.

PALE Cynthia now emits a feeble ray,
And objects fade beneath her trembling light;
Now to Eliza's grave I'll bend my way,
And hide my ſorrows in the ſhade of night!

For modeſt grief diſdains the vulgar eye,
Her hallow'd temple is the feeling breaſt;
There ſhe inſpires the trembling anxious ſigh,
And there ſecurely her pale form can reſt!

And as I ſorrow for thy early doom,
Thou tender ſharer of my happier hours;
I'll wander often to thy fatal tomb,
And ſtrew the ſpot with choiceſt wreaths of flow'rs!

That breaſt, the manſion of ſuperior worth,
At Honor's dictates can no longer glow;
And ſtretch'd beneath a ſenſeleſs clod of earth
Lies her, who felt for ev'ry human woe!

The flow'rs which bluſh in all the bloom of pride,
Scarce boaſt their beauty for a fleeting hour;
And thy bright virtues budded, bloom'd, and died,
Like the fair bloſſom of a fragrant flow'r!

But unavailing is this fond regret,
Can it awake from an eternal ſleep?
Yet her perfections can this heart forget,
Or for their loſs can I e'er ceaſe to weep?

Could ſenſe, or beauty, a long period claim,
Could filial duty, or true friendſhip's love,
Could theſe but add to life's expiring flame,
She had not ſought the bliſsful ſeat above!

Dear ſacred ſpirit of my much-lov'd friend,
Wilt thou the name of Guardian Angel bear?
Wilt thou, Eliza, on my ſteps attend,
And guide me through this labyrinth of care?

And when the ſcene of buſy life ſhall cloſe,
And when my ſoul ſhall wing to Heav'n its flight,
And when in death my ſorrows all repoſe,
Say, wilt thou guide me to the realms of light?

LINES

ADDRESSED

TO MELPOMENE,

ON THE

DEATH OF MISS MOORE, OF W——

BEFORE thy ſhrine, Melpomene, I bend,
With trembling footſteps, and a tearful eye;
Again this heart laments a much lov'd friend,
Again this boſom heaves the painful ſigh!

When northern blaſts attack a lily pale,
The pendant bloſſom ſcarce erects its head;
No more its fragrance then perfumes the gale,
But fades, like Mary, on her dying bed.

Could innate worth avert the impending dart,
Relentleſs archer, thou hadſt miſs'd thy aim;
For Virtue's image dwelt in Mary's heart,
And gilt her actions with its radiant flame.

The virtues blazon'd like a meteor bright,
Which ſhows its beauty for a few ſhort hours,
Illumes the gloom of dreary ſable night,
Then leaves no veſtige of its radiant powers!

See Friendſhip ſorrow at her early date,
And drop the crown pomegranate from her head;
Hear her lament the cruel hand of Fate,
That number'd Mary with the ſilent dead!

LINES

ADDRESSED

TO MRS. M———

UPON HEARING HER DAUGHTER ONLY LAMENTED HER EARLY DOOM FROM KNOWING THE POIGNANCY OF HER MOTHER'S SUFFERINGS.

ERE the expiring, trembling breath,
Had from Maria fled,
And ere the icy hand of Death
O'er that lov'd form was ſpread,

She caſt a fond exploring eye,
To find her parent near;
And as ſhe drew the half-fetch'd ſigh,
Subdued the riſing tear;

Then feebly preſt that parent's hand,
And mourn'd the fatal dart,
That ſoon would ſever life's frail band,
And wound her mother's heart!

Oh! my lov'd mother, thus ſhe cried,
Had but the friendly tomb,
One dwelling to us *both* ſupplied,
Then had I bleſt my doom!

Who ſhall aſſuage the poignant grief,
That rends thy aching breaſt;
Who ſhall afford thy mind relief,
When once this form's at reſt?

And then, alas! who ſhall attend,
With fond officious zeal;
When verging life draws near its end,
And every nerve ſhall feel?

Reſt, gentle ſpirit, one appears,
Who's had affliction's ſhare;
Who to ſubdue thy anxious fears,
Will make thy charge her care!

Be mine the office to aſſuage
Thy tender parent's tears;
To cheer her in declining age,
When life is full of years!

And as thy virtues we repeat,
Reſponſive we will ſigh,
Anticipate the joy to meet,
And learn of thee to die!

ELEGIAC LINES,

BY

R—— H——S, Esq.

WRITTEN NEAR THE BED OF F—— W——, IN A FEVER AND DELIRIUM, ON THE 28TH OF DEC. 1793, ON THE NIGHT PREVIOUS TO HIS DEATH.

HUSH'D, huſh'd as death in peace the manſion ſleeps,
Save yonder, where Deſpair and Madneſs reign,
Where ſacred Friendſhip midnight vigil keeps
T' implore returning ſenſe—alas! in vain!

For ah! arreſted in the ſpring of youth,
The rip'ning bud ſhall never ſee the morn;
Lov'd emblem he, of Innocence and Truth,
Muſt periſh ere to-morrow's early dawn!

And what remains for me? Deſpair and Death,
Forlorn and friendleſs, cheerleſs muſt I ſtray!
Till this poor head ſhall reſt the ſod beneath,
This ſorrowing heart its wiſh'd-for tribute pay!

When ſummon'd by the watchful night-bird's ſcream,
Their earthly ſhapes the phantoms re-aſſume;
May we, bland Friendſhip, the delightful theme
Together weep, and mourn his early doom!

Oh bliſs tranſcendant! Shall I ſurely ſee
The luſtre of thoſe eyes—in mis'ry e'en
That oft ſo anxiouſly have dwelt on me,
And ſhed invalued pearls—believ'd unſeen!

For when the fever's heat has fir'd my brain,
I've mark'd the tear ſlow-ſtealing down thy cheek:
The ſigh, which thou no longer could'ſt reſtrain,
Too long impriſon'd—all thy fears beſpeak!

The ſad viciſſitude can Memory bear?
To ſoon to mingle with the duſt below:
To thee or what is ſorrow, joy, or care?
In vain the ſeas may rage, the tempeſt blow!

Where is thy promis'd happineſs? All fled!
Which Hope, the flatterer, ſuffer'd juſt to dawn,
As the kind ſun in Winter deigns to ſhed
Its cheering rays, then leaves us more forlorn!

Affection's joyful proſpects—blaſted all!
The embrace paternal never ſhalt thou prove,
Upon that faded cheek muſt never fall
The world's moſt precious gem—th' impaſſion'd tear
of love.

Alas! whence comes it that the young and brave,
With every virtue, every grace endow'd,
Should fall the early victims of the grave
That hope ſhould vaniſh, almoſt ere beſtow'd?

What ſays Religion, meek-ey'd peerleſs maid?
" Seek not to know the inſcrutable decree
" Of Heav'n—but as thy ſafeſt ſureſt aid,
" When doubts obſcure thy faith, reſort to me!"

EPITAPH.

STRANGER, this rude * unconſecrated tomb,
(To which the ſurge that laves yon burning ſhore
Marks the unerring way, and howls the doom,
The fatal doom of Francis now no more)

Approach with awe, for he was Virtue's child,
Was Honor's offspring, and his Country's pride,
For whom Affection wove a wreath ſo wild,
That all the ſenſes madden'd when he died!

* F—— W——, Eſq. was buried at St. Domingo.

He ſhall not die unmourn'd! the Britiſh fair,
In after times, when Peace her flight ſhall wing,
To baniſh far the fiends of war and care,
From Albion's love-lorn bow'rs ſhall mournful ſing,

How when diſcordant Gallia ſtrove in vain,
To raiſe Rebellion's ſtandard in the land;
Francis, the foremoſt of the gallant train,
Ruſh'd forth to ſtop the deſolating band.

How 'midſt the faireſt flow'rets of the field,
He blighted fell, half bloſſom'd, half reveal'd!

ELEGIAC VERSES

BY

THE SAME AUTHOR,

OCCASIONED BY READING MR. MEARS'S NARRATIVE, WHEREIN HE MENTIONS THE DEATH OF WINEE, A FEMALE OF ONE OF THE SANDWICH ISLANDS, ON HER RETURN FROM CHINA TO OWHYHEE.

LOV'D child of Nature, long muſt I deplore
The fate that robb'd thy country of its pride;
Its lovelieſt ornament, alas! no more
Shall grace an heav'n-born native monarch's ſide!

Bred where the guile of Europe ſcarce was known,
Deceit diſclaim'd ſo virtuous a maid—
Unconſcious of thy worth—that charm alone
Surpaſſes all that e'er were yet diſplay'd.

For thee full many a ſigh ſhall heave in vain,
Thy death untimely many a chief ſhall mourn,
Long o'er the broad expanſe the eye with pain
Shall ſeek that form which never will return!

Fond Mem'ry then ſhall ranſack all her ſtore,
Recount a thouſand tender proofs of love,
Shall prize affection's ſacred gifts the more,
And more than all a court's profeſſions prove.

And tho' no ſcutcheon'd herſe, no train of woe,
Proclaim thee haſt'ning to the "dread abode,"
Yet tears of joy from angel-orbs ſhall flow,
And weeping cherubs welcome thee to God.

And ſure thy gentle ſpirit will receive
The holy tribute of a ſtranger's tear;
This humble off'ring—all he has to give—
If thou doſt cheriſh, Virtue muſt revere.

And thou, ſoft Senſibility's firſt child,
Belov'd Tïanna, friend of the diſtreſt,
Oft ſhall idea o'er the wat'ry wild
Trace out the virtues that adorn thy breaſt.

Long on the bed of ſickneſs didſt thou cheer
The drooping Winée, as the tempeſt howl'd,
Cheriſh'd the languid hope, diſpell'd the fear,
As light'nings threat'ned, or as billows roll'd!

And oft in ſilence at the midnight hour,
" The trembling tear impearl'd in either eye,"
Didſt thou lament Affection's feeble pow'r,
When ſtrong Conviction whiſper'd, " ſhe muſt die."

Friend of my ſoul! my brother! (what dear name
Is equal my fond feelings to expreſs?)
Long may reſplendant Heaven give thee Fame,
Luxuriant, envied Atooi, Happineſs!

SONNET

BY

R—— H——S, Esq.

TELL me, Eliza, tell me why
That pearly tear bedews thy cheek?
Too ſurely that heart-rending ſigh
The pangs of hopeleſs love beſpeak!

Ah! hapleſs maiden, hither turn,
Here droops a form diſtreſt as thine,—
Like thee too deſtin'd ſtill to mourn,
Ah! doom'd for ever to repine.

Come then, thick night, the wretch's friend,
And ſhield me from the ſun's broad glare;
Thy love-promoting mantle lend,
So ſhalt thou all my ſorrows ſhare!—

Oh ſave me from the fond maternal ſigh,
And all thoſe precious drops which moiſten Friendſhip's eye!

SONNET

BY

THE SAME.

NOT the roſe, when Aurora ſo bright
Adds her ſmiles to the health-giving morn,
Not the ſnow-drop, the lily ſo white,
The bright charms of my fair can adorn!

If ſhe ſpeaks, 'tis in accents ſo ſweet,
So bewitching, ſo modeſt, and mild,
That deſtruction we eagerly meet,
And court ruin to be thus beguil'd!

Yet has never a whiſper of love
E'er eſcap'd from the ſyren's ſoft tongue;
Tho' ſo oft, when we've ſtray'd in the grove,
On her words I enamour'd have hung!

Then alas! what avail her wit, beauty, and charms,
If enraptur'd I meet not my fate in her arms?

ON THE
BIRTH-DAY
OF
MRS. H——

DEAR Charlotte, I fancied the Muſes no more
Would return to this manſion, my breaſt;
And thought that no circumſtance e'er could reſtore
That abode to ſenſations of reſt!

But a bright dawn of pleaſure this heart now expands,
Diſperſing the vapours of care,
Like the rays of the ſun, when it breaks through the bands
Which ſuſpended dark clouds in the air!

A thouſand ſenſations too grateful to paint,
In ſucceſſion ariſe in my mind;
To give them expreſſion all language is faint,
And feeling is left far behind!

Affection attracted by Friendſhip's bright ray,
Pervades ev'ry part of my breaſt;
That once more I've the pleaſure to hail this bright day,
Which made me in Friendſhip ſo bleſt!

Your pleaſures, dear Charlotte, I hope will increaſe,
As years in ſucceſſion return;
And your breaſt be for ever the manſion of peace,
Till that form is inclos'd in an urn!

LINES

ADDRESSED

TO MRS. D———

ACCOMPANIED BY A PAINTED FLOWER,

ON NEW-YEAR'S DAY.

SINCE cuſtom has long on this morning decreed,
That kindneſs ſhould flow from the breaſt;
May the wiſhes that riſe in this boſom ſucceed,
And Amanda each year be more bleſt!

May the hours that in fleeting ſucceſſion ariſe,
Be wafted on Pleaſure's ſoft wing;
And each ebon cloud, which has ſhaded the ſkies,
Be diſpers'd by the ſunſhine of Spring!

The gift, which I humbly preſent to my friend,
Will evince how confin'd is my power,
When to prove my affection I only can ſend
Amanda the form of a flower!

LINES

ADDRESSED

TO A GENTLEMAN,

UPON HIS BEING APPOINTED

TO THE ARGO*.

WHEN to poſſeſs the golden prize,
The Theſſalonian ſwain
Embark'd beneath propitious ſkies,
The treaſure to obtain;

* The name of the ſhip in which Jaſon embarked to poſſeſs himſelf of the Golden Fleece.

Fame, on the veſſel which convey'd
The enterprizing boy,
Her banners openly diſplay'd,
To teſtify her joy!

Here, ſaid the goddeſs, I'll reſide,
And if the Dragon's ſlain,
The Argo then ſhall be the pride
Of all that plough the main!

The prize was won, the dragon ſlain,
And Fame, we underſtand,
Decreed the Argo long ſhould reign
The fav'rite of the land!

Decreed, that when Britannia's foes
Should e'er appear in fight,
The Argo then ſhould interpoſe,
And *cruſh them* by her might.

Then may ſhe long triumphant reign,
In war, as well as peace—
And more immortal fame obtain,
Than Jaſon by his Fleece!

A POETIC EPISTLE,

SUPPOSED TO BE WRITTEN

BY A FARMER AT L——,

WHO, WITH A VERY STERN COUNTENANCE, HAD OBSERVED THREE LADIES EATING SOME OF HIS PEASE, AS THEY PASSED THROUGH THE FIELD.

DEAR Tom, you muſt know, all this ev'ning I've been
Attack'd by that naſty diſorder the Spleen;
In ſhort, I believe that the vile female ſex,
Were ſent in the world us poor men to perplex.—
Why, man, ſince the day that the world was created,
And poor Mr. Adam in wedlock was mated,
The women have always been mightily prone
To do what the men bid them let quite alone!

Ah, Tom! we had never been dealers in mutton,
If Eve had not been in her nature a glutton;
And ſure, if on Sunday, the Bible you read,
You there will behold ſhocking doings indeed!—
Why, man, you muſt know, there was * one of the fair,
Who made her old huſband cut off his true heir;
And when he expected a fine *ven'ſon* treat,
She dreſt him a *kid* which the poor fellow eat.
But as to dame Jael, that fine female bilk,
Who aſk'd in the † captain, and gave him ſome milk;
I'm ſure ſhe deſerv'd to have loſt her own head,
For pretending to love the poor captain who fled,
Yet when he was ſleeping, to nail him down—dead.
But, Tom, was I once all their tricks to indite,
My letter would not be concluded by night;

* Rebekah. † Siſera; Judges iv.

My wrath, my dear brother, I think, will aſſuage,
When once I have told you what calls forth my rage.—
This evening three ladies came into my field,
So I ſlunk to the back of a tree—for a ſhield;
Thinks I to myſelf, there is miſchief in ſtore,
When women aſſemble by two, three, and four;
And depend on it, Tom, you will certainly find,
Some miſchief is then all afloat in the wind;
Yet my heart at that moment was quite at its eaſe,
As far as regarded the ſtate of my peaſe.—
But, would you believe it? their pockets they ramm'd
As tight as a cuſhion with bran newly cramm'd!
I vow'd to myſelf, that if law could be got,
They ſhould pay for the peaſe, that they put in their pot;
And tracing them home greateſt part of the way,
Reſolved to go to the Juſtice next day.

But, Thomas—I muſt not go there for my life,
For I've found out that *one* is a *great col'nel*'s wife!
And if of his lady I dare to complain,
Perhaps he will ſend me a ſoldier to Spain.
The other, I'm told by my croney Jack Searles,
Is nearly related to lords, dukes, and earls;
And people who claim a *fine lord* in *alliance*,
May ſet all the *laws of the land* at *defiance*.
But as to the *third*, I'm inform'd by Tom Proctor,
She's *only* the *wife* of a ſeafaring doctor;
But if he ſhould preſs me on board of his ſhip,
Perhaps he might give me the vapours and hip;
For doctors, I've heard, have a *wonderful trick*
Of giving folks med'cine, *until they are ſick*;
So, Thomas, you find, to continue in eaſe,
I'd better put up with the loſs of my peaſe.

THOMAS's
GALLANT REPLY,
IN VINDICATION OF THE LADIES.

WHY Richard, you ſurely a Cynic are grown,
And would *ſnarl* at a part of your fleſh and your bone;
What ſtories have you in your ſpleen juſt related,
And in truth, honeſt Dick, they are all badly ſtated;
Tho' I do not *intirely acquit* Madam Eve,
The man was as *bad*—I ſhall always believe;
What bus'neſs had Adam, when knowing it wrong,
To follow the counſel that came from her tongue?

And as to poor Becky—Why, mercy forbid,
You ſhould blame her for dreſſing her huſband a kid;
Beſides, you will find, by peruſing the book,
Rebekah was thought a moſt excellent cook.—
And as to Dame Jael—again you are wrong,
A propheteſs * once about her made a ſong:
But in truth, my dear brother, you felt yourſelf vext,
Which accounts for your taking *wrong ſide* of the *text*;
For my part I always ſhall vow and declare,
That I have a moſt *tender regard* for the *fair*;
And rather than live in this ſtation alone,
Like Adam, would part with my choiceſt rib-bone.
But as you inform me the Bible you read,
I'm ſorry you made ſuch miſtakes in the Creed;

* Deborah; Judges v.

Your tales againſt women—are all a mere fable;
But too certain a *fact*—was the death of poor Abel!
Oh! Dick—what a ſhocking vile fellow was that,
Who knock'd out his poor brother's brains with a bat!
And ſpeaking of brothers—pray think of thoſe men,
Who met in the field to the number of ten;
When their poor brother Joſeph they happen'd to ſpy,
They all in a moment decreed he ſhould die,
And only becauſe his papa lov'd him beſt,
And made him a beau—in a ſmart-looking veſt.
Then Richard, you ſure can't forget that vile he,
Who with his whole army was drown'd in the ſea?
But I need not go ſearching to ages of yore,
To bring to your view wicked men by the ſcore;
For vice is a weed, whoſe growth never fails,
And in times that are *paſt*—and are *preſent*, *prevails*.

But now for the women—you tell me " they're prone
" To do what the men bid them let quite alone ;"
And Richard, no wonder—becauſe they all find,
The men ſhew a hearty contempt for their mind ;
And *that*, my dear brother, I vow and declare,
No mortal on earth—*that had ſenſe*—could e'er bear :
But, Dick, for amuſement, I once took the pains
To examine that part which contains human brains ;
Tho' men make a boaſt of their muſcular ſtrength,
A *woman's head !* Dick, far exceeds theirs in length !
If men do ſurpaſs them—'tis merely in *art*,
For a woman's advantage is found in the *heart ;*
And brother, I tell ye, again, and again,
To one wicked woman—there's ten wicked men.

AN
ALLEGORICAL DESCRIPTION
OF
GRATITUDE,
ADDRESSED TO
RICHARD B———, Esq.

MISFORTUNE and Kindneſs, in ages of yore,
Reſolv'd in a league to unite;
And endeavour the true golden age to reſtore
Which poets have painted ſo bright!

Each day their affection was known to increaſe,
And at length to its ſummit aroſe;
For an offspring appear'd, who augmented their peace,
And fill'd both their breaſts with repoſe!

Tho' this infant was form'd by the hands of a grace,
And endow'd with a thouſand bright charms;
Yet *Mis*-fortune's *mother* ne'er ſmiled on its face,
Or took the poor babe in her arms!

A trumpet was heard to reſound on the earth,
Proclaiming a viſit from Fame;
Who hearing an infant had juſt receiv'd birth,
Deſcended to give it a name!

Admiring the azure that beam'd in its eye,
Each parent's reſemblance ſhe traced;
Misfortune, ſaid ſhe, may be found in its ſigh,
And Kindneſs its features has graced!

The offspring of theſe ſhall be Gratitude named,
From *both* that ſenſation can flow,
And I do not conceive that I e'er can be blamed,
If *that name* on the child I beſtow!

And as to its grandmother's fierce-looking frown,
It ne'er ſhall deprive it of reſt;
For Gratitude ſtill ſhall be deck'd with a crown,
And ſhelter'd in each feeling breaſt.——

Tho' ages are paſt, ſince Fame made this decree,
Yet ſtill in the breaſt it reſides;
Its impreſſion's this moment directed tow'rds thee,
And a pleaſing ſenſation it guides!

THE DOVES,

ADDRESSED TO

SOME LITTLE FRIENDS.

FROM Afric's torrid clime was ſent
Two Barbary doves, with kind intent,
To prove Affection's pow'r;
Tho' in a wiry cage confin'd,
By mutal tenderneſs of mind
They ſooth'd the penſive hour!

No longer could they wing their flight,
To the dear ſcenes of paſt delight,
Where they were wont to roam;
Or travel o'er the ſandy plain,
Or ſearch for ſcatter'd ſeeds of grain,
Or ſee their much-lov'd home!

Yet ſtill they find affection's joy,
Which adverſe fate can ne'er deſtroy,
Brings pleaſure to their breaſt;
Whilſt tenderneſs expands their heart,
And whilſt they never live apart,
They feel that they are bleſt!

Such pleaſures are within your reach,
And your two doves a leſſon teach
To cheriſh one another;
Let tenderneſs your hearts inveſt,
And mutual love inſpire the breaſt
Of ſiſter and of brother!

A

SUPPLICATION

TO

FORTUNE,

PREVIOUS TO PURCHASING

A SHARE IN THE LOTTERY.

DEAR fickle dame—I fain would know,
If thou conducteſt things below,
The way that thou art won?
For could I once thy ſmiles obtain,
I'd ſoon forget *whole years* of *pain*,
And all the *ills thou'ſt done!*

Tho' poignantly thou'ſt made me feel,
The adverſe turns of thy fam'd wheel,
As, circling, it's gone round;
Yet would I never more complain,
If this, my boon, I could obtain,
I mean five thouſand pound!

Or ſhould the prize be deem'd *too great*
For *one* who has no wiſh for *ſtate*,
Why then the boon divide;
I'd gladly be content with part,
And you ſhould find, a grateful heart
Inhabited this ſide!

LINES

WRITTEN UPON BEING

SEPARATED FROM SOME CHILDREN,

TO WHOM THE AUTHORESS WAS TENDERLY ATTACHED.

SINCE I no longer have the pow'r
To guard the tender budding flow'r,
Juſt op'ning to the ſkies;
The wiſh that riſes in my heart
I'll paint—to prove that tho' apart,
Their happineſs I prize!

May you, lov'd children, never wear
The ſable garb of cank'ring Care,
Your pleaſures to deſtroy ;
May Friendſhip in your boſoms glow,
'Twill prove an antidote to woe,
And heighten every joy !

But if your breaſts are doom'd to feel
The adverſe turns of Fortune's wheel,
Still may you ever find,
That Fortune, by no pow'r or art,
Can e'er depreſs a noble heart,
Adorn'd with worth of mind !

Tho' blooming flow'rs now deck your way,
And Fortune ſheds a gilded ray,
Yet e'er your lives may cloſe,
Riches and friends may wing their flight,
And proſpects, ſable as the night,
Deſtroy your calm repoſe!

The ſtream that clearly flows at morn,
Ere Cynthia's beam illumes the lawn,
In waves tremendous roars;
And life is like a varying tide,
Where raging ſtorms too oft preſide,
With hidden rocky ſhores!

Then may you in your boſoms meet
A port—to guard the little fleet
From ev'ry adverſe gale!
But if *my wiſh* your barks could guide,
Not *one rough wave* ſhould move the tide,
O'er which you're doom'd to ſail!

LINES

ADDRESSED

To Mrs. M——R.

WRAPP'D in the ſolitary gloom of night,
Depreſs'd by ſable viſions oft I ſtray,
And when pale Cynthia ſheds her evening light,
I wander frequent by the ſilver ray!

The * Theban drug will not my griefs diſarm,
Or lull one ſorrow to compoſe and reſt;
E'en Lethe's ſtream could not diſcloſe a charm,
To reach the manſion of this troubled breaſt!

* Laudanum.

I have endur'd Affliction's varying art,
Have bow'd beneath a pointed rod of ſteel;
Have borne ſuch arrows as corrode the heart,
And teach each nerve moſt poignantly to feel.

But leſt my cup of mis'ry ſhould o'erflow,
And grief unpitied bring on black deſpair!—
Friendſhip has ſooth'd the poignant edge of woe,
And kindly blunted the keen ſenſe of care!

Since I'm thus bleſt by that all-ſoothing pow'r,
I'll offer hecatombs before the ſhrine;
Then weave a garland from the granate flow'r,
And round thy brow the circling wreath ſhall twine!

THE
POWER OF ATTRACTION,
ADDRESSED
TO A FRIEND,
IN IRELAND.

LOUISA, 'tis ſaid, that the globe which turns round,
And receives the ſun's rays of refraction,
Has many long years by the learned been found
To exiſt by the pow'r of *Attraction!*

As inſenſible objects perceive this effect,
You'll not be ſurpris'd when I ſay,
The pow'r I've deſcribed I moſt ſtrongly ſuſpect,
Will ſoon lead my footſteps aſtray!

Not aſtray from that path which I deem is beſt,
But aſtray from a long-admir'd land;
For the pow'r of Attraction, 'tis always confeſt,
Few people are form'd to withſtand!

It draws me by Friendſhip more firm and ſincere,
Than is uſually found in the breaſt;
It draws by a *ſigh*—which was ſent by a *tear*
To prove that *Louiſa's diſtreſt!*

It draws me by ſaying her griefs I can ſhare,
And convert all her ſorrows to mine,
And whiſpers this truth—by dividing of care,
Its effects will each moment decline!

LINES

ADDRESSED

TO A LADY,

WHO HAD PRESENTED THE AUTHORESS WITH A PAINTED BOX, WITH "SOUVENIR" FOR THE MOTTO.

WHEN firſt Statira's preſent came,
'Twas *doubly* valued for its name,
Souvenir the little gift expreſt,
But ſay, Statira, was thy breaſt
With ſuch a ſentiment impreſt?
If ſuch the feelings of thy heart,
Then wherefore ſhould we live apart?

For 'tis not *diſtance* that divides,
Statira walks, as well as rides ;
And if ſhe felt the ſlighteſt will,
Could ſoon deſcend the neighb'ring hill.

A POETIC EPISTLE,

TO

A FRIEND,

IN REPLY TO A LETTER, WHICH THE LADY HAD WRITTEN, INFORMING THE AUTHORESS, THAT THOUGH SHE HAD INTREATED HER HUSBAND TO MAKE A LITTLE TOUR WITHOUT HER, HE HAD INSISTED UPON HER ACCOMPANYING HIM.

THE men, dear Maria, will all of them ſay,
That women were form'd their deſires to obey;
So ſtrong is this notion entwined in their brain,
That alas! our poor ſex no *one right* can retain,
When once they have bound themſelves faſt with a chain.

Had Wolſtonecroft e'er had the luck to be ſmitten,
The *Rights* of a *Woman*—ſhe *never* had *written;*
At leaſt had ſhe ever been tempted to wed,
Her hypotheſis had not *eſcap'd* from her *head.*
But in truth, my dear friend, I began to ſuppoſe,
You almoſt could lead your good man by the noſe;
But alas! poor Maria! I find by the letter,
You *feel* the *effect* of the little god's *fetter!*
Indeed, I'm quite *ſhock'd* at that part of your tale,
Which ſays your *intreaties* no longer prevail!
If *tender expreſſions* have loſt their effect,
His love muſt be *cooling*—I ſtrongly ſuſpect!
In ſhort, my dear friend, there is ſcarce one in ten
Of thoſe bipeds—moſt commonly term'd *married-men,*
Whoſe affection can burn with a radiance that's clear,
But few of the months that compoſe the *firſt* year.

Yet as you've been happily bleſt with a man,
Who always adopted a much better plan;
I ſcarce can believe the new tale you relate,
Of not being able to conquer your mate.
And ſurely, my friend—you can ne'er mean to yield,
Without an attempt to remain in the field?—
I've heard, and I ſtrongly believe it is true,
That *kindneſs*—has often the power to ſubdue;
And if this eaſy method ſhould fail to ſucceed,
The captain, I'm ſure, muſt be grumpiſh indeed;
In that caſe, why alter your plan of attack,
And declare you endure all the pangs of the rack;
Proteſt that his love you no longer poſſeſs,
Or his heart would delight to relieve your diſtreſs;
Profuſion of ſighs ſhould aſſail both his ears,
And your *eyes* ſhould look *ſoft*, and ſuffus'd in their tears!

Yet ſtill ſhould you find, that the mark you don't hit,
Why then, you muſt call in the aid of a fit;
For oh! dear Maria, what huſband could bear
To ſee a lov'd wife thus reduced to deſpair?
A fit, I am certain, will gain all your ends,
And the captain and you will ſhake hands, and be friends.

And now, let me tell you, I long for a letter,
In writing you always are greatly my debtor.
To all the whole party I feel much inclin'd
To offer ſome wiſh that is friendly and kind;
May Mirth and Good Humour enliven your hours,
And Pleaſure beſtrew all your paths with her flow'rs,
And when, dear Maria, your journey ſhall end,
May you ſtill feel a pleaſure at meeting your friend!

LINES

ADDRESSED

TO A LADY,

WHO WAS

A GREAT FATALIST.

AS *Fate* has decreed, that for nearly twelve years,
Far diſtant we both ſhould remain;
By joining us now, I am ſure it appears,
As if *Fate* would not part us again!

Should this pow'r that preſides at the helm of the ſtate,
Have ſuch a rich bleſſing in view;
That Charlotte would make *me* a convert to *Fate*,
And as firm a diſciple as you!

Whate'er our opinions, we feel a deſire,
That the world ſhould believe they are juſt,
And unleſs in this inſtance, with *Fate you* conſpire,
Away flies my new-acquir'd truſt!

I ſay not a word of the pleaſure you'd give,
By ſuch *combination* with *Fate*,
And unleſs it takes place, I proteſt, whilſt I live,
'Twill poſſeſs my averſion and hate!

You'll aſk why thoſe paſſions ſhould riſe in my breaſt?
Let this ſentence convey a reply;
" The heart that has once by a *pleaſure* been *bleſt*,
" *Depriv'd* of that *pleaſure*—muſt ſigh!

LINES

SUPPOSED TO BE WRITTEN BY

MR. A——

AND ADDRESSED TO

MISS ——

WHEN firſt Eliza grac'd the grove,
Enraptur'd by her charms,
I yielded to the pow'r of love,
And bleſt its ſoft alarms!

For her I cull'd each beauteous flow'r,
The roſe and eglantine;
And as I deck'd her fav'rite bow'r,
Believ'd ſhe would be mine!

The whiteſt of my flock I ſought,
And pleas'd myſelf the while,
That when in captive bonds 'twas brought,
She'd bleſs me with a ſmile!

For her my harp was newly ſtrung,
Her tenderneſs to move;
And when the plaintive air I ſung,
It breath'd the pureſt love!

But now, my flocks unheeded ſtray,
My flow'rs no longer bloom;
Careleſs I throw my harp away,
And ev'ry joy entomb!

LINES

ADDRESSED

TO A FRIEND,

UPON HER KIND ATTENTION DURING THE AUTHORESS'S ILLNESS.

SAID Hygeia to Friendſhip, one morning ſo fair,
As lightly they flew in the ambient air;
You'll think what I tell you is wonderful ſtrange,
But our neighbours below ſometimes characters change!
And if you, my dear Friendſhip, approve of the meaſure,
We'll try if the plan is productive of pleaſure.—
I know, ſaid the goddeſs, we ſometimes impart
To mortals—the pow'r to make uſe of our art,

And even this day I received a requeſt,
For a few drops of balm to pour into a breaſt,
Which Affliction had pain'd, and Diſeaſe had diſtreſt.

I therefore, Hygeia, beg leave juſt to ſay,
Inſtead of exchanging our natures to-day,
I'm ſure, 'twould be kind—and I think, 'twould be wiſer,
Our art to depute to the hands of Eliza.—
Agreed, ſaid the goddeſs—And let her be ſent,
To practiſe her ſkill at a village in Kent.—
She practiſed with ſkill, and improved on their art,
And cur'd the diſeaſe in the head and the heart!

AN

INVITATION

INTO

THE COUNTRY,

ADDRESSED

To Mrs. M——

YOU, doubtleſs, my friend, muſt have read by the dozen,
The letters that Simkin addreſs'd to his couſin?
Thoſe letters were written in Pindaric meaſure,
With the hope to produce a ſenſation of pleaſure;
The ſame inclination *your* coz does inſpire,
Tho' alas! ſhe is ſadly deficient in fire!

Not the fire, which enkindles from Friendſhip's bright rays,
For of *that* ſhe's enough to produce ſuch a blaze,
As will rapidly burn to the end of her days!
But the fire, which the Muſes are ſaid to produce,
And give out in portions for poets to uſe;
Alas! that bright fire ſhe much fears will remain,
For ever a ſtranger to her ſtupid brain!
However, for once ſhe'll apply to the Nine,
And hopes by their aid to induce you to dine.
She'll tell you that Nature the country adorns,
That the hedges are perfectly white with the thorns;
That the bloſſoms produce quite a fragrant regale,
And the nightingale warbles a ſweet tender tale;
She'll tell you, your preſence will always impart
A lively ſenſation of joy to her heart;

And inform you ſhe always can eaſily find,

Some corrected idea ariſe in her mind,

Whenever you chuſe her opinions to guide,

And tête-à-tête ſpend a few hours by her ſide;

Then pray, my dear coz, never act like a miſer,

Or lock up thoſe talents that make your friend *wiſer*.

EPIGRAMMATICK LINES

TO

A FRIEND,

WHO HAD PROMISED TO DINE WITH THE AUTHORESS ON THE FRIDAY FOLLOWING, IF THE WEATHER PROVED FAVORABLE.

DEAR Charlotte, an adage is now in my mind,
That tells me a woman's as fickle as wind;
And if *two fickle things* are together united,
I fear that my hopes will on *Friday* be blighted;
So for Heaven's ſake never on *weather* depend,
But at any rate come, and enliven your friend.

LINES

ACCOMPANYING

FIVE GUINEAS,

WHICH THE AUTHORESS HAD BORROWED.

GO, gilded baubles—and impart,
The kind effuſions of my heart;
And ſay, that every abſent thought
With gratitude is amply fraught;
And though thou canſt diſcharge the debt,
The *kindneſs*—will I ne'er forget!

LINES

ADDRESSED

TO HYGEIA.

UPON HEARING OF THE INDISPOSITION OF

MRS. D——Y.

DEAR Goddeſs of the roſeate glow,
A ſuppliant I attend,
Intreating, thou wilt now beſtow
Health—to my early friend!

Deign to reviſit that dear face,
Where ſmiles were wont to ſhine;
Where ſoft benevolence I trace
Expreſs'd in every line!

The friendſhip glowing in her eye,
Warm ſpringing from the heart,
Had pow'r to check the riſing ſigh,
And blunt Affliction's dart!

Yes, I have *known* in *trouble*'s hour,
Its rays illume my *breaſt*;
Have *felt* its *ſweetly ſoothing pow'r*
Compoſe my *griefs* to *reſt!*

For ſuch a friend this heart muſt ſigh,
And feel a thouſand fears;
When ſickneſs dims her ſpeaking eye,
Or ſorrow calls forth tears!

Then, dear Hygeia, oh! impart,
Of health an ample ſtore;
And thy reviving, healing art,
This breaſt will then adore!

LINES

ADDRESSED

TO MISS T——

WITH A

PAINTED BASKET.

DEAR tut'reſs of the mimic art,
I'd fain evince a grateful heart;
And tho' thy pupil has diſplay'd
No ſkill in blending light and ſhade;
And tho' a thouſand faults muſt riſe,
To meet thy ſcrutinizing eyes;
Yet will I ſtand the fearful teſt,
Convinc'd you'll know I've done my beſt.

ON THE
BIRTH-DAY
OF
MISS C——

KIND Fortune this day has beſtow'd ſuch a prize,
As a monarch would gladly attain;
And ſhould ſhe in future my wiſhes deſpiſe,
Yet ſtill will I never complain!

This day my Louiſa appear'd on this earth,
And 'tis ſaid, the three Graces combin'd,
Attended the ſpot, where ſhe firſt had her birth,
To embelliſh her infantine mind!

Her mind was embelliſh'd by all that their art,
With profuſion on her could beſtow;
But the *Virtues* determin'd to *tutor* her *heart*,
And teach it with *pity* to *flow!*

Soft Pity there found a kind manſion of reſt,
And as life's crimſon ſtream ſhall long glide,
May no gale that is rough bring a care to her breaſt,
Or ſwell it with Sorrow's full tide!

May her wiſhes when form'd, be all crown'd with ſucceſs,
May her breaſt be a ſtranger to fear;
And that heart, which ſo poignantly ſhares in diſtreſs,
Ne'er be doom'd to a pang that's ſevere!

As the ſickle of Time ſhall continue to mow,
And the years in ſucceſſion to roll,
May they ſtill ſome new joy on Louiſa beſtow,
To enliven with pleaſure her ſoul!

And when at ſome diſtant and far-remov'd day,
All objects around diſappear;
May an angel deſcend, to direct her the way
To exchange to a happier ſphere!

A DESCRIPTION

OF THE

SPONTANEOUS IDEAS

WHICH AROSE IN THE AUTHORESS'S MIND UPON TAKING AN EARLY WALK IN A SPRING MORNING,

ADDRESSED

TO MISS C——.

ADMIRE, as we tread o'er the lawn,
The beauties which gayly appear;
The bloſſom enamels the thorn,
And the ſkylark enraptures the ear!

The zephyr that fans the ſoft breeze,
Diſperſes the vapours that riſe;
The dew-drops that hang on the trees,
Are pearls which deſcend from the ſkies!

Each flow'r with freſh beauty now blows,
And ſheds a perfume through the air;
The hedges their verdure diſcloſe,
And Nature ne'er ſeem'd half ſo fair!

A few fleeting months are but paſt,
Since the view, now ſo vernal and green,
By winter's dark ſhade was o'ercaſt,
And not e'en a leaf to be ſeen!

In life's changing ſcene you will find,
When pleaſures ſucceed after pain;
They give a delight to the mind,
Which it otherwiſe could not attain!—

And ſo, my Louiſa, whene'er
Thy heart is depriv'd of its reſt;
Ne'er ſuffer that fiend, call'd Deſpair,
To pervade any part of your breaſt!

Remember the ſpring-tide of joy
In a few fleeting months will appear;
And pleaſure without an alloy,
Remain for the reſt of the year.

LINES

ADDRESSED

TO A LADY,

WHO ENQUIRED OF WHAT THE AUTHORESS WAS MOST FEARFUL.

YOU aſk, my friend, what moſt I dread?
I'll tell ye—'Tis a Critic's head;
Or I had better ſaid, his eye,
The ſlighteſt fault intent to ſpy!
An eye that Candour never lighted,
But Envy with the paſſions blighted;
Darts from its orb a venom'd ſpark,
And wounds the keeneſt in the dark!

Yet do I not pretend to ſay,
It will not wound in face of day;
For 'tis ſo much attach'd to *ſpite*,
It uſes it, both day and night:
To prove that this aſſertion's true,
I once was beaten black and blue;
In ſhort, I was ſo very ſore,
I felt the wounds at ev'ry pore,
And had reſolv'd to write no more.

A REPLY

SUPPOSED TO BE WRITTEN

BY THE LADY

TO WHOM THE PRECEDING LINES WERE ADDRESSED.

AFRAID of an eye! can I poſſibly read?
I'm ſure that can never be part of your creed!
Had you told me you dreaded the pow'r of a *tongue*,
I ſhould not have fancied my friend had been wrong;
At leaſt, ſuch a tongue, as I once knew was plac'd
In the head of a woman whoſe ſex was diſgrac'd,
By knowing a thing, ſo deſpis'd, ſhould appear
In a *feminine form*—to produce dread and fear.—

I wiſh a return of thoſe metaphor days,
When the head of an Ovid was circled with bays;
For then I am certain the lady I mean,
In her *preſent appearance* would never be *ſeen!*
Perhaps, you will aſk, why I form this conceit?
By way of reply—a tale I'll repeat,
From Ovid—whoſe works you confeſs are a treat;
But as at this moment his book is not near,
I cannot apply, tho' the ſubject is clear;
That being the caſe—without pow'rs to compoſe,
I'll pay my reſpects to the Siſter of Proſe;
And when I've call'd in all the aid of the Nine,
The tale is not Ovid's—remember—but mine.
And now it commences—" The bird that goes ſqueaking,
" Had ſtill been a man—had it ne'er practis'd ſpeaking;
" But when in that form, no one tale could it hear,
" But its tongue blazon'd forth what went in at its ear;

" And not only *that*, but its vile *fertile brain*
" *Invented all tales* that it thought could give *pain* ;
" To puniſh this wretch for his malice and ſpite,
" He was turn'd to an *owl*, and keeps ſcreaming all night."
You doubtleſs muſt likewiſe have read, or have heard,
That the raven was once quite a lily-white bird ;
And ſo had remain'd, had it ne'er learnt to chatter,
Or had it but kept from Apollo a matter,
Which gave him ſuch cauſe for vexation and care,
That his godſhip was ready to tear off his hair ;
And ſaid to the raven, Henceforth that vile breaſt
In ſable apparel ſhall always be dreſt.
Could theſe metamorphoſes now but take place,
I'm inclined to believe they'd affect half the race ;
And I'm ſhock'd to agree with an old famous ſong,
That ſays there's a *venom* conceal'd in the tongue !

A POETIC EPISTLE

TO

MISS T——

UPON HER LEAVING E——

MY books, dear Eliza, no longer can pleaſe,
And I wander about with a mind ill at eaſe,
My ſpirits, alas! are all of them fled,
And a pang at my heart brings a pain in my head;
Not the pang of a ſpaſm which oft pains the heart,
But the pang of *regret*, which I feel, when we part;
And I firmly believe I ſhall cheriſh this pain,
Until I'm made happy by meeting again.

Has your ſiſter deliver'd a ſcolding narration
'Bout Friendſhip that's ſapp'd in its very foundation?
And told you, that I was quite turn'd to a fury,
And intended to bring my poor friend to a jury?
The fury, Eliza, is now quite abated,
But yet I muſt own you deſerve to be rated;
As I firmly believ'd I might always depend,
Eliza would follow the wiſh of her friend;
For thoſe who are anxious their friendſhip ſhould thrive,
Muſt bring in *reliance* to keep it alive.
But now let me talk of a letter ſo kind,
As to baniſh all ſymptoms of rage from my mind,
Which the poſtman *this moment* has brought to the door,
And had I but read it five minutes before,
Not a word had I ſaid that was *tinctured* with *ſpite*,
For as *uſual*, Eliza—I now think you right.

You aſk, in what manner my time I diſpoſe,
Whether jingling of verſe or peruſing of proſe;
This evening my hours all devoted have been,
To reading a poem entitled the *Spleen*;
The author declares that we poets oft ſit,
And ſubſtitute *Spleen* in the place of pure *Wit*;
In ſhort, the ſaid author gives moſt men a *laſh*,
Who think by the aid of *Apollo* to *daſh*.
But Apollo to *me* never granted his aid,
Nor have I e'er had e'en the ſight of *one maid*
Of all the fam'd Nine, who reſide on the hill,
And with Fancy's effuſions a poet's brain fill;
Nor have I been bleſt with a view of the mountain,
Or taſted one drop from the famed Grecian fountain;
But Churchill declares, that the *Thames* can produce
A water, as *famous* for any one's uſe,

As ever was drawn from the Helicon ſpring,
Which teaches a poet in numbers to ſing:
But proteſts that *he finds* a glaſs of *good wine*,
Has the happy effect of inviting the Nine;
That being the caſe—as the wine is ſo pure,
I think of *one Muſe* I may always make ſure;
And you may expect, if the lady is kind,
And does not *o'erturn* this intent of my mind,
My letters in future will all entertain,
By ſome lively ſally that ſprings from the brain.
For if I've the fortune my friend to amuſe,
It never will be, by retailing out news;
As that's an employment I hate and deſpiſe,
And I'm ſure ſuch a *ſubject* would *cloſe* both your *eyes*.
But I know it will give you ſome joy to be told,
That my dear little Pet has recover'd her cold;

That the reſt of the family all are enjoying
The bleſſing of health—and no cares are deſtroying
The pleaſure, which ſprings from its ſeat in the breaſt,
And lights up the eye when the griefs are at reſt.
A thouſand kind wiſhes I beg you'll preſent
To all your whole party, and tell them they're ſent
From a heart which more real affection can feel,
Than expreſſions of kindneſs have pow'r to reveal.
The tender ſenſation it hopes you'll return,
That the fire of pure friendſhip may blazon and burn,
Till death ſhall extinguiſh the ſoft gentle light,
And cloſe all our joys in the dark ſhade of night!
But now, dear Eliza, with real affection,
I muſt ſay, Adieu—and then write the direction.

LINES

ADDRESSED

TO MRS. D——

ON THE RECOVERY OF HER FAVORITE CAT,

WHOSE NAME WAS DUTCHESS.

WHEN Britain's monarch was reſtor'd
To health's much valued treaſure;
Thoſe ſubjects who their king ador'd,
Then teſtified their pleaſure!

And when a peereſs, wiſe, and fair,
Regains the valued prize;
Say, will no poet laureat rare,
Extol her to the ſkies?

No poet laureat being nigh,
I, with all due ſubmiſſion,
His place for *once* will e'en ſupply,
If I obtain permiſſion.

Then hail, ye clear * pellucid rills,
Whoſe gentle healing ſprings,
Have more effect than all the pills,
A doctor's pocket brings!

And oil, and wax, for ever hail!
For by your kind aſſiſtance,
Her Grace can o'er diſeaſe prevail,
And keep old Death at diſtance!

* The poor animal for ſix days took no ſuſtenance but water.

Not only for her Grace's ſake
My heart abounds with pleaſure,
For had ſhe died—a heart would *ache*,
Which I with *joy* would *treaſure!*

Then may ſhe live in health and eaſe,
Till ſhe attains a ſcore;
And if her life my friend can pleaſe,
I'd have her live ten more!

LINES

ADDRESSED

TO MISS SELINA T——

UPON HER REQUESTING THE AUTHORESS TO WRITE SOME VERSES UPON HOPE.

SELINA, allow me this once to declare,
That I hate to begin on a ſubject that's bare;
For ſhould I be able to write a bright line,
You'd never believe the idea was mine;
But ſay I had *ſtole*, like a thief at the mint,
From ſome other poet, and taken their hint.
But indeed you muſt know, that *I* love to explore
A path that has never been trodden before;

And ſo I'll ne'er help to adorn *Hope* with *bays*,
Or jingle one line in ſupport of her praiſe!
So many bad pranks has her ladyſhip play'd,
That I always ſhall think her a very ſad jade.
To prove the aſſertion is founded on truth,
She cheats us in *age*, juſt as much as in youth,
As the mind in our youth is deluded by ſhow,
She whiſpers that *pomp* a ſoft bliſs can beſtow,
Attracting the heart by the help of a toy,
Which Reaſon ſoon proves but the ſunſhine of joy;
And ſoon is o'erſhaded by clouds that ſuſpend,
And extinguiſh the joy which on pomp did depend.
The ſeaſon of love ſhe pretends to adorn
With roſes that bloſſom without any thorn;
And thoſe who believe her, declare it with grief,
That the thorn ſhe had artfully hid by a leaf.

She alſo declares that the God Hymen's light,
Without a *ſupply* will for ever *burn bright;*
Tho' it's perfectly known that the torch *will decay*;
Unleſs there's much *pains* to *preſerve* its pure *ray;*
She tells us Misfortune can never aſſail,
The breaſt where true Friendſhip is known to prevail;
Tho' Friendſhip too often, when put to the teſt,
Is known to eſcape from its manſion, the breaſt.
But for once I'm inclin'd to believe ſhe tells true,
When ſhe ſays I may always find Friendſhip in you.

ON THE
BIRTH-DAY
OF
MISS H—— W——

SOFT as the breath of May's fair morn,
That o'er the valley blows;
Fair as the bloſſom of the thorn,
And bluſhing as the roſe;

The lovely Harriet now attains
Her third revolving year;
And each ſucceeding month that gains,
Some new-blown charms appear!

Charms which beſpeak her little breaſt
With rich perfection fraught;
Where Senſe and Virtue jointly reſt,
To form the riſing thought!

Where ſoft Content with azure eye,
And dove-like Peace reſides;
Where no foreboding anxious ſigh
On Sorrow's pinions rides.

May the lov'd manſion long remain
Devoid of grief and ſtrife;
And as her years advantage gain,
Add ſome new charm to life!

BURLESQUE LINES

ADDRESSED

TO HYMEN:

SUPPOSED TO BE WRITTEN

BY AN UNMARRIED LADY,

Who aſſerted, that moſt of the unhappineſs in marriage aroſe from the ſexes being too nearly of an age; and that whenever ſhe altered her ſtate, it ſhould be with a man many years older than herſelf, whoſe judgment and opinion ſhe ſhould not *preſume* to *diſpute*.

DEAR Hymen, when you form the bands,
That are to join my heart and hands,
Diſcard the ſilken chain;
And let it be of iron ſtrong,
And let the links be ſtout and long,
I never wiſh'd to reign!

And may the man, whoe'er he be,
Whoſe fate it is to govern me,
Adopt a perfect ſway;
And may it be my great delight,
To ſay white's black—or black is white,
So he but have his way!

May ſixty ſuns have ſhed their light,
And chang'd his auburn locks to white,
I like a hoary ſage;
And ſhould he chuſe to bang my bones,
Or pelt me with the hardeſt ſtones,
I ſtill will rev'rence age!

A woman's chief delight ſhould be,
No *follies* in her *mate* to *ſee*,
But think him *all perfection!*
And if his vices chance to glare,
To ſhut her eyes, and never ſtare,
For fear of a detection.

LINES

ADDRESSED

To Mrs. H———

UPON RECEIVING

A RECENT PROOF OF FRIENDSHIP.

PHILOSOPHERS will often preach,
But ſeldom practiſe what they teach.—
Dear Charlotte, let it not ſurprize,
If *I* for once philoſophize;
You know the ladies of this age
Are all conſider'd *mighty ſage*;
At leaſt, if being *writers* ſhow it,
(I think I hear you ſay) I know it.
For my part, I ſo love the Nine,
I live but in a jingling line;

And as you're not inclin'd to ſpy
My faults with microſcopic eye;
In verſe the theme I'll now purſue,
And bring philoſophy to view.—
" Henceforth then be it underſtood,
" That out of evil ſpringeth good,
" And if oppreſſions pain the mind,
" Believe that Fortune means it kind,
" And for her frowns makes full amends,
" By proving who are *real friends*."
When future cares ſhall on me preſs,
And evils ſeem without redreſs,
My heart ſhall fondly turn to you,
As to a friend that's *firm* and *true*,
For had my mind ne'er been diſtreſt,
I had not known how much I'm bleſt.

LINES

ADDRESSED

To Mrs. W——D,

ACCOMPANIED BY A SHELL.

IF a *trifle* evinces *reſpect*,
If *affection* is traced in a *tear*,
If a *ſigh* often ſprings from *neglect*,
And if *ſlight* is a ſymptom of *fear*;

I would venture to hope that this *ſhell*,
An emblem of friendſhip may ſeem;
Tho' mute—I would wiſh it to tell,
That my boſom is fraught with eſteem!

I'd wiſh it to ſay that my heart
A kindneſs will always retain;
And if I could teach it the art,
Your breaſt it ſhould ſhield from all pain!

But alas! no ſuch charm can attend,
The gift which I beg to preſent,
I only can ſay to my friend,
As a mark of *eſteem* it is meant!

LINES

ADDRESSED

TO A YOUNG LADY,

AT W——R,

UNDER THE BORROWED NAME OF ELVIRA.

WHAT herb, or what plant, or what flow'r,
Has its charm to Elvira diſclos'd?
Oh! tell me the ſpot, or the bow'r,
Where the vegetive prize was inclos'd?

I've heard that in Egypt was found,
A plant which Nepenthe was named;
I've been told, that the ſenſes it bound,
And all the ſenſations it chain'd!

And in truth I'm inclin'd to ſuppoſe,
When Elvira was tortur'd with pain,
Her phyſician, to bring her repoſe,
Adminiſter'd *too large* a grain!

I think it has had an effect,
Which Elvira could never intend,
And to *that* I aſcribe the neglect
With which ſhe has treated her friend!

Or perhaps ſhe's emerged from the wave,
Which ſooths all affliction and woes,
Where forgetfulneſs deep as the grave,
Envelopes our friends and our foes!

Some cauſe like the two I've aſſign'd,
Muſt occaſion Elvira to change,
For to *her*—I acquit my own mind,
Of giving *her reaſon* to *range!*

My friendſhip for her was ſo pure,
That her griefs I reſolv'd to partake;
And the ſorrow that time could not cure
With *pleaſure* had *borne* for *her ſake!*

And this ſhe muſt ſurely have known,
Yet alas! I now find it the ſame;
As if I *no friendſhip* had *ſhown*,
And Elvira had ne'er heard my name!

Then again I intreat ſhe will ſay,
Where the plant of forgetfulneſs grows,
That I may now follow her way,
And forget that I ever felt woes!

A POETIC EPISTLE,

TO

A FRIEND,

Who had been accuſed of not writing ſo often as formerly—and who aſſigned as a reaſon for it, that ſhe was no longer ſolicitous about the bad ſtate of the authoreſs's health, as ſhe believed it was then perfectly *found.*

SOUND Health!—my dear Charlotte—alas! Mary Pil
Has all this week been moſt exceedingly ill!—
So ill! but thank God, the receipt of a letter
Has made your poor friend feel herſelf ſomewhat better;
But tho' my diſorder is hard to endure,
I do not deſpair of receiving a cure;

Yet pray, my dear Charlotte, don't feel in a fright,
Tho' I'm nervous by day, and have ſtartings at night;
For the Doctor aſſures me my caſe is not bad,
And adviſes my riding through fields on a pad;
My complaints I ſhould never have thought of inditing,
But to make you *continue* your *practice* of *writing*;
For I know when you think I'm deficient in health,
You daily would write—tho' you did it by ſtealth—
And I, in return, ſhould be glad to amuſe,
Tho' I vow and proteſt, that I've no piece of news,
That I think has a chance for one hour to impart,
A lively ſenſation of joy to your heart.
That being the caſe—I'll deſcribe my late reading,
Or tell you ſome tale, to evince my good breeding;
The latter I truſt is already made plain,
And therefore the *former* I now ſhall explain:

You know, my dear Charlotte, it's oft been my way
To agree with that Author of Fables—call'd Gay—
Who declares that *true friendſhip* is always *confin'd*,
And never extends beyond one perfect mind.
But as reading produces expanſion of thought,
Such paltry ſenſations I now ſet at naught,
For a Treatiſe on Friendſhip I juſt have peruſed,
Where the *old faſhion'd ſyſtem* is ſtrongly abuſed;
And I now ſhall be perfectly happy to hear,
Your friends correſpond to the days of the year;
Nay more, I am ready a promiſe to give,
To love them with fondneſs as long as I live;
But as to the number of ſixty and five,
I doubt I can't keep quite ſo much love alive.—
You know, my dear Charlotte, I can't go to town,
And ſo you muſt manage to bring them all down;

For I'm ſure at this moment my heart could *adore*
Three hundred of *beings* I ne'er ſaw before;
My Love is ſo great it deprives me of reſt,
And my heart ſeems too big for its ſeat in my breaſt;
And ſpite of endeavours I can't keep it ſtill,
For it thumps at my ſide like the clack of a mill.—
So for Pity's ſake come, that your friends may divide
This love that I find makes ſuch work in my ſide.—
I think at this moment I hear you exclaim,
" The letter is certainly ſign'd by her name,
" Or elſe I could never believe her the ſame.
" For oft when in converſe I've heard her relate,
" That my *number of friends* really call'd forth her hate;
" Yet now by the hundreds ſhe makes a ſelection,
" And promiſes *all* a good ſhare of *affection*.—"

Yes, Charlotte, I own it muſt ſtrike you as ſtrange,
That M. P. ſhould diſcover ſo wond'rous a change;
But the Treatiſe *on Friendſhip* ſo plainly declares,
That affection ſhould always be dealt out in ſhares
Amongſt your friends—friends, that I have not the art
To confine in my breaſt any ſhare of my heart;
Yet I cannot help thinking the love that's ſo wide
Has a chance of ingulphing itſelf in the tide;
Or if metaphors pleaſe—its diviſion of rays
May extinguiſh itſelf—and away flies its blaze.—
If this ſhould be likely my love to attend,
I'll confine my affection quite ſnug to my friend.

LINES

ADDRESSED

TO MRS. E———D,

UPON RECEIVING A LETTER, EXPRESSIVE OF FRIENDSHIP, AFTER A SUSPENSION OF INTERCOURSE FOR MANY YEARS.

WHEN the mariner ploughing the ſeas,
Is caſt on a deſolate ſhore;
Each murmur he hears in the breeze,
Seems to ſay, that his joys are no more!

Seems to ſay, that his dear native plain
His eyes ſhall no longer behold,
That his breaſt muſt for ever remain
To Friendſhip's impreſſions quite cold!

But ſhould he in ten circling years,
Be wafted to Albion's plain;
Should his joys, and his hopes, and his fears
Inhabit his boſom again;

What pleaſure his heart would elate,
When meeting the friend of his youth;
He found that the dark frown of fate
Had not leſſen'd his friendſhip and truth!

And when on the paper I trace,
That friendſhip for fifteen long years
In *thy breaſt* has retain'd a firm place,
The ſentence illumines and cheers.

A heart that's been wreck'd of its joys
And toſs'd on a deſolate ſand,
Yet Hope, with her anchor, ſtill buoys,
And points to the long wiſh'd-for land!

Tho' the billows have made me their ſport,
Tho' the winds have blown keen round my head,
Yet ſtill, if I now reach the port,
I'll forget the dark clouds that were ſpread!

A zephyr from friendſhip's ſoft breeze
Now blows ſuch a kind gentle gale,
No longer I'll dread the rough ſeas,
But expect on ſmooth water to ſail.

ON

PREJUDICE.

ADDRESSED

TO MRS. W——E.

DEAR Charlotte, I own I have always been told,
That *prejudice* only pertains
To the weak, and the vain, the young, and the old,
Who are not overfurniſh'd with brains!

And as you are endow'd with an ample ſupply
Of the *beſt* that's produced of their kind,
I confeſs I'm aſtoniſh'd whene'er I deſcry,
That *prejudice* dwells in your mind.

Perfection's a charm few boſoms incloſe,
And ſeldom is known to appear,
Like the flow'r which but once in a century blows,
It ſeems dropp'd from a more refin'd ſphere.

Unbiaſs'd by *trifles*, let fancy take flight,
In ſearch of ſome *hidden perfection*;
Tho' few can emit an *effulgence* of *light*,
Some virtue might *beam* on *inſpection*,

Which the ſtrong veil of prejudice caſts in a ſhade,
Like the vapour congeal'd in a cloud,
O'erſpreading the rays that illumin'd the glade
And enwrapping their light in its ſhroud!

'Tis known that we view our own faults with an eye,
That caſts imperfection in ſhade;
Yet ſtill when I think of the faults that you'll ſpy,
I feel both alarm'd and afraid.

And well may I ſhrink, when I ſee that your mind
Imperfection is known to deſcry,
And prejudice ſtrong your opinions ſo bind,
That conviction you boldly defy!

But as I'm ambitious your friendſhip to ſhare,
Dear Charlotte I beg and intreat,
No longer you'll practiſe at failings to ſtare,
But let them all find a retreat!

And if *one perfection* you happen to ſpy,
From *that* never try to depart,
But view it each day with a microſcope eye,
Till you find it *attract* your whole heart.

BURLESQUE LINES

ACCOMPANYING

A SPRIG OF LAUREL,

SENT TO A FRIEND, WITH WHOM THE AUTHORESS HAD A SLIGHT ALTERCATION.

DEAR Clara, the branch which attends,
I have heard is endow'd with the art,
Of making a peace between friends,
And diſperſing all wrath from their heart.

I've explored both the garden and vale
In ſearch of a poor wand'ring dove,
From the hope that its dear tender tale
Might inſpire you with pity and love!

For in truth I'm ſo ſhock'd at my fault,
And feel ſuch a terror and dread;
That my ſpirits I cannot exalt,
And ſcarcely can hold up my head.

I know I'm by nature inclin'd
To be pettiſhly warm, and untoward,
But when I have anger'd your mind,
Then, Clara, I'm truly a coward.

For if I ſhould really inſpire
That breaſt with ſenſations of hate;
From the world in a pet I'd retire,
And aſcribe all my *failings* to *fate.*

THE SIGH.

ADDRESSED

TO MISS C——

IF wiſhes, Louiſa, could float in the air,
Like the breath which a pure zephyr blows;
I'd ſend you a balm as a cure for deſpair,
As ſoft as the dew on the roſe!

Tho' wiſhes, like fancy, inceſſant take flight,
The feather that wafts them in air,
Has not pow'r to aſſiſt them in gaining that height,
That's eſſential to bring them to bear!

With a heart that would gladly divide all your woes,
And your breaſt with rich pleaſure ſupply,
I feel I'm unable to ſend you repoſe,
And therefore I'll waft you a ſigh!

But the ſigh, my Louiſa, muſt never aſcend
To the ſeat of that dear gentle breaſt,
But when it arrives at the feet of my friend,
Envelope itſelf in her veſt!

And there in a low gentle murmur expire,
As ſoft as the breath of the gale
Which fans the three Graces whene'er they retire
To the bow'rs which embelliſh the vale!

THE MOURNFUL WAILINGS

OF AN UNFORTUNATE ASS,

WHICH WAS CONFINED IN A POUND FOR A DEBT, WHICH ITS MASTERS (TWO CHIMNEY SWEEPERS) WERE UNABLE TO PAY.

ADDRESSED

To Mrs. D——.

" CONFIN'D within a priſon's bound,
" And doom'd to feed on air,
" I wander o'er this ſpot of ground,
" The mournful child of care!

" Ah Liberty!—thou valued prize,
" Could I but thee regain,
" Could but theſe wretched hopeleſs eyes
" Once more behold the plain;

" I'd patient bend beneath the ſtroke
" My wanton maſters deal,
" Nor mourn the ſtrong coercive yoke,
" That daily makes me feel!

" Each morn, when doom'd to tread the road,
" Oppreſt by grief and care,
" The preſſure of the ſable load
" Should ne'er produce deſpair!

" But friendleſs, hopeleſs, doom'd to mourn
" The loſs of ev'ry joy!
" I ſigh to reach the promis'd bourn
" That will all care deſtroy!

" Where this unhappy form ſhall reſt,
" And break the weary chain,
" And where this wretched tortur'd breaſt
" Shall no more taſte of pain!"

Scarce had the mourner told its tale,
And wept a flood of tears,
When from the neighb'ring verdant vale
Amanda's form appears.

Within Amanda's feeling breaſt
A ſoft perſuaſive power
Reſides—to plead for all diſtreſt,
By Fortune's ſable lower.

No ſooner had the gentle gueſt
The hapleſs pris'ner ſpied,
Than iſſuing from Amanda's breaſt,
" Give *liberty* " ſhe cried.—

Compaſſion ſcarce the words had ſpoke,
Before the *ready fee*
Was paid—which the confinement broke,
And ſet the pris'ner free.

A REPLY

TO A

FRIEND,

WHO HAD REQUESTED SOME LINES UPON FRIENDSHIP.

WHY invite me, Lucinda, to write
On a theme which thy mind comprehends
Juſt as clear—as that rays of pure light
From the ſun's brilliant orbit deſcends?

Then wherefore require me to paint
All the charms—which from friendſhip ariſe?
For the ſkill of the painter is faint,
When he thinks he can copy the ſkies!

If I ſay, that the poets declare
Her form in an * iſland aroſe,
Where a perfume exhales through the air,
And a zephyr inceſſantly blows,

Which each morning expands its ſoft wing,
And freſh flow'rs in a moment appear,
More fragrant than bloſſoms in ſpring
Which adorn that lov'd ſcene of the year!

If I tell you, wherever ſhe treads
The bloſſoms of Paphos are ſeen,
And a verdure her footſteps o'erſpreads
That delights by the ſhade of its green:

* Cyprus.

Yet whatever my pen ſhould reveal
On the theme—muſt inſipid appear—
For thy breaſt in one moment can feel
More than language has pow'r to make clear:

For the goddeſs has left her retreat,
And retired from her dear native plain,
In thy boſom ſhe now takes her ſeat,
Where I hear ſhe intends to remain.

INVOCATION

TO

HYGEIA,

BY

R—— H——, Esq.

THEE, roſy goddeſs, how I joy to meet!
A ſtranger, long thou'ſt wander'd far away;
Come with thy balmy breath, and ſmiles ſo ſweet,
And let thy beams reflect a brighter ray.

Too long, my fair, thy abſence have I mourn'd,
Where the ſun blazing gilds the burning line;—
Courting thy preſence have I drooping turn'd,
Deſpairing almoſt e'er to call thee mine.

Oh thou neglected'ſt all I held moſt dear!
How have I ſigh'd and pray'd, implor'd and wept!
Indignant haſt thou turn'd, while thouſands there
Emboſom'd in their kindred deep have ſlept.

Can I forget my Anna's laſt ſad ſmile,
The agonizing tear adown her cheek
Unbidden burſting, as with pious guile
She told, ſweet maid, her hopes in accents meek.

Lov'd ſaint! to diſſipate my boding fears
She feign'd thoſe hopes—far, far, alas, remov'd!—
For me thoſe ſmiles were forc'd, and ſhed thoſe tears—
Dear, unconteſted proofs how much ſhe lov'd.

Sweet is thy cheering influence, blooming fair,
Grateful as odours from the ſpicy grove,
The wild heath's ſcent, perfuming all the air,
The breath of morn—or of the maid I love.

For what can all the wealth of India yield,
If thou art found not, goddeſs, in the train?
Vain is the ſplendor of the tented field,
"Pride, pomp, and circumſtance of glorious war"
—all vain!